

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

NOVEMBER 1, 1941

WHO'S WHO

CAPTAIN JOHN SPENSER, during the past several months, has been writing as our military expert on matters dealing with the formation of our new civilian army. In the contribution this week, he stresses a development that seems to revolutionize our historic system. . . . ALICE O'CONNELL McLAUGHLIN is a new contributor. She has been a member of the editorial staff of the *Boston Pilot* for the past ten years. . . . HELENE MAGARET was received into the Catholic Church last December, shortly after she had finished her splendid biography, *Father De Smet*. She is, also, the author of three books of poetry. She is a professor of English, College of Saint Teresa, Winona, Minn. . . . EDWARD F. GARESCHE, S.J., is the President of the Catholic Medical Mission Board, as well as its founder. He was formerly Spiritual Director of the International Federation of Nurses. . . . JOSEPH H. FICHTER ventures into explosively controversial areas with his article on land tenure. He propounded some of these same ideas recently at the Rural Life Convention, with resultant debates. . . . ROBERT DAVID O'BRIEN, of Weston College, Weston, Mass., reevaluates the worth of a great Catholic literary figure, John Dryden. . . . HAROLD C. GARDINER, the Literary Editor, comments pleasantly on the significance of Catholic Book Week. . . . THE POETS: Tom Boggs, of New York, and Joseph Joel Keith, of Los Angeles, contribute frequently to poetry magazines; Henry Rago is from Notre Dame University; Sister Mary Maura teaches at the College of Notre Dame of Maryland; Arthur McGratty, of Woodstock, Md., and Margery Mansfield, of Monterey, Mass., are welcomed to our poetry page.

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COMMENT

LET us ask, quite honestly, and in perfect good faith and good humor, what does Alfred Noyes really keep in the back of his head when he tells the world that opposition of American Catholics to entering the war is the result of traditional Irish hatred for England? Is Mr. Noyes surprised, or vexed, that Americans of Irish descent are not set on fire with belligerent enthusiasm every time that a certain type of interventionist appeals to Americans to gird on their swords and bucklers and do swift battle for the sake of our common Anglo-Saxon Motherland? Perhaps they ought to be thus enthused, but is there anything strange, even from a most Noyesian point of view, that they are a bit tepid to just *that* sort of appeal? We can doubt that Winston Churchill himself would be so naive. Not so naive, but completely erroneous, is Mr. Noyes' much more important assumption, that the attitudes of American Catholics, speaking generally, are determined by the rights and/or wrongs of England's war. Americans of every national origin, including those of British stock, possess certain overtones of sentiment—they would be contemptible if they did not—but in this matter it is well for Mr. Noyes to understand that their point of view is determined by their interests as citizens not of Europe but of the United States. As Americans they favor aid to Britain, as Americans they refuse to be drawn into the war. Mr. Noyes has made a serious accusation, and the accusation is false. It will give much comfort to the Nazi enemy and none to the cause of truth and justice.

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"FORGETFULNESS and denial of eternity" were called by Pius XI, "the great modern evil." And even good Catholics miss the reminders of eternity which they would have had, if the progress of secularization had not taken these things out of everyday life. If subway stations and ferry-boats had shrines, if all the bells of the city rang the Angelus, our lives would be richer and saner. In the Ages of Faith, for instance, there was no need of stressing affectionate duty to the Holy Souls in Purgatory. Traditions, customs and the arts called on the charity of the living for the dead. The ancient "Lanterns of the Dead" recalled the memory of the departed and each guild had a confraternity to pray and have Masses offered for the Holy Souls. But now we must constantly remind ourselves that the Church is made up of three branches: Militant, Suffering and Triumphant which form the Mystical Body of Christ; and that "the least of these members cannot exert himself in favor of another without the entire Body feeling the effects of his intervention." In regard to the Holy Souls in Purgatory, God's mercy is held in check by His justice,

and we hold the key to the rich treasury of His redeeming riches. Since our environment does not give us reminders, we might make of secular things a call to say a prayer during the day for the Souls in Purgatory—a factory whistle, a subway turnstile, the paying of a bill, the signing of a check. But best of all, when we attend Mass, we should remember these silent members of the Church who await so eagerly the alms which we alone can give. If we would "make friends and influence people" around the throne of God, we will not confine our efforts on behalf of the Holy Souls to the month of November.

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AMERICANS are sometimes informed that, heavy though their tax burden now is, the British burden is heavier. This illusion, as the United States Chamber of Commerce points out, rises from the fact that ninety per cent of all English taxes goes to the London Government, whereas only sixty per cent of American taxes flows to Washington. State and local levies make up the remainder. The fact is, our tax burden is now heavier than that imposed on Britons. During the fiscal year 1941-42, the per-capita tax here will be \$168 compared to \$165 in England.

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THE tug toward and against war continued. . . . By a vote of 259 to 138, the House of Representatives passed the bill amending the Neutrality Act to permit arming of American merchant ships. The decision of the Senate Foreign Affairs Committee to hold hearings on this measure in secret was denounced by Senator Danaher as "more concealing of facts from the people." . . . Wendell L. Willkie called on Republican members of Congress to repeal the entire Neutrality Act. Republican Senators Austin, Bridges and Gurney joined in offering a resolution to this effect, Senator Gurney favoring the resolution even though it might "lead in the direction of war." The White House supported scrapping of the Neutrality Act. . . . Announcement was made in Washington of plans for a huge new military "victory program," envisaging the expenditure of more than one hundred billion dollars by the end of 1943. . . . The A. F. of L. convention supported full aid to Soviet Russia. . . . Dr. Francis E. Townsend, founder of the national pension plan, urged an American Expeditionary Force against Hitler. . . . A Gallup poll declared seventy-two per cent of those questioned favored arming American ships; forty-six per cent favored (fourteen per cent being undecided) sending American ships with war materials to British ports. . . . Postmaster General Frank C. Walker, addressing the National Conference of Catholic Charities, stated

that Americans and Catholics cannot say: "This (war) is no affair of ours." . . . The United States destroyer *Kearny*, while on convoy duty, was torpedoed 350 miles southwest of Iceland. Eleven of the crew were reported missing, ten injured. . . . The merchant ship, *Lehigh*, flying the American flag was sunk in the South Atlantic. The freighter, *Bold Venture*, American-owned, flying the Panama flag, was sunk about 500 miles south of Iceland.

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ASSERTING Orson Welles could do the job of promoting blackouts better than Mayor La Guardia, General Hugh S. Johnson remarked this "monkey business . . . is a deliberate attempt to scare up a war-hysteria." He added: "Mrs. Roosevelt is reported to have said that while she doesn't expect or desire it, just a little actual bomb or two might stir people out of their apathy." . . . Alfred M. Landon charged that "the President, step by step—through one subterfuge after another—has cut the ship of state from its moorings of early neutrality." Mr. Landon characterized the aluminum collection drive as an "outrageous hoax" for the purpose of arousing a war spirit. . . . Branding the ship-arming bill as a subterfuge and "another decisive step toward war," Senator Capper predicted the next step would be removal of the prohibition which now prevents American ships from transporting supplies to belligerent ports. This step, he said, is expected to furnish "the necessary incidents" to arouse the public to demand war. . . . Asking President Roosevelt to submit to a vote of Congress the question of war or peace, General Robert E. Wood, America First Committee chairman, declared: "Each step thus far taken in the international situation has been upon the solemn assurance that it was for the purpose of preserving peace. Actually we have been led to the brink of a devastating war. . . . This subterfuge must end. We must now squarely face the real issue, war or peace." Great Britain, he continued, "should not be led to continue the war in reliance upon a supposed commitment on our part which Congress alone has the power to give." . . . Senator Wheeler stated he had "reliable information from unimpeachable sources" that Britain had counted on our being in the war by September 14.

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OMINOUS predictions to the effect that many small businesses are doomed, at least for the duration of the defense emergency, have been emanating from unofficial sources in Washington. Under the increasing rigor of the priority system, by which everything is being severely subordinated to defense requirements, it is only a question of time, according to these reports, when lack of materials will shut down a great number of small concerns. In the face of this threat, the continued activities of the Priorities Division of the Office of Production Management in the interest of the small businessman give evidence that the Administration realizes the danger and is taking steps to meet it. During November, in six key cities, this

agency plans to conduct regional clinics at which experts will explain the principles of priorities and their application to various businesses. In this way, without the necessity of a confusing and, perhaps, bootless trip to Washington, small businessmen can learn how best to fit their equipment into the defense set-up. In addition to these clinics, which will be held eventually in all parts of the country, pressure is being exerted on prime contractors to sublet parts of their contracts to small firms wherever possible. Whether these and similar moves will save the bulk of small businesses, we do not know, but we trust that prophecies of doom are premature.

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ITALY is being invaded! No, not by parachute-troops, but by immoral literature. It ought to be with no little sense of shame that we read that the *Osservatore Romano* has urged Italians to stop reading "Russian, Hungarian, British, American and French novels," which are being unloaded on the country, and which are deluging it with sensuality. The American books are not named, but we rather fear that if they represent a fair cross-section of American publications, the charge is true. How often in our book columns, do our reviewers have to remark that there are objectionable passages, most of them dragged in for no other reason than to titillate lower passions. Our "Good Neighbors" to the South are subject to the same infiltration by books, and one day they will wake to the fact that it is an invasion. Our movies, too, are doing work there that gives the South Americans no very high impression of our state of culture and morals. After surfeit comes revulsion. Conclusion? Catholics, who hate immoral literature and tawdry pictures on principle, should have a lot to say in directing cultural relations with Catholic peoples.

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RADIO networks are up in arms over the threat to their independence in what they term "the bureaucratic fiat" of the FCC. "Radio belongs to the people and they, and they alone, should decide its future course," says one of the spokesmen of the networks. One can readily understand the uneasiness of a company, the existence of which would depend on the renewal of license by a sensitive and easily offended government bureau. Freedom of radio speech, under such circumstances, would be extremely theoretical. But even as true Americans advocate absolute freedom of political speech, a great majority of them will deprecate a new freedom which is increasingly obvious in radio broadcasts. Previously, radio was remarkably free from morally objectionable speech. The taste and value of much of the flood of programs might be questioned, but a code of decency did prevail. Recently, however, the radio comedians have been offending. It is no easy task to be funny forever, and they have fallen back on the cheap substitute of the leering *double entendre*, the suggestive quip and the salacious sally of the ham vaudevillian. Too many children devour the radio programs to allow this to go on.

FOR the first time in many years, the clerical collar, mark of the clergyman in the United States, has made its public appearance unblushingly in Mexico. Bishop Gannon of Erie noted this fact when writing for the N.C.W.C. News Service concerning the recent celebration at the great Basilica of Our Lady of Guadalupe, when Pontifical High Mass was offered by Archbishop Cantwell of Los Angeles. Says the Bishop: "I met about thirty Mexican priests, all in lay clothing. But the California priests, who were numerous, were in clerical garb, including clerical collars. This was a concession of the Government in honor of Archbishop Cantwell's wish." There was wide and deep appreciation of the Archbishop's coming as a "gracious gesture"; and it seemed as if a few of the grim clouds that have rested upon the Church in that loveliest of countries were lifting.

TRAINING of lay catechists of both races to work among the Negroes is one of the features in the great Catholic apostolate that the Most Rev. Gerald P. O'Hara, Bishop of Savannah-Atlanta, is furthering in the State of Georgia. Three discourses in one day, October 19, on the occasion of the Golden Jubilee celebration of Very Rev. Ignatius Lissner, Provincial in this country of the Society of the African Missions, evidenced the Bishop's keen interest in a work which, as he reminded his listeners, our present Holy Father has particularly commended to the zeal and charity of American Catholics. The Bishop's third discourse was given at a State-wide organization meeting of the newly-formed Colored Catholic Laymen's Association of Georgia, which is under the spiritual direction of the Rev. F. J. Weiss, S.M.A.

IN a statement sent to Secretary of State Cordell Hull, the American Lithuanian Roman Catholic Federation charges that the plunder, devastation and denationalization of Lithuania, begun in 1940 by Soviet Russia, is being "confirmed," continued and extended by the Nazis. This is done in spite of the fact that Lithuania had established her independence from Russia shortly after the present Russo-German war. Says the statement:

For twelve months the Russians plundered the Baltic States, preparing the field for the Germans. They hastened to confiscate all farms larger than seventy acres in area, all of the better buildings, printing presses, bank deposits, and home furnishings, to burn patriotic books, and to liquidate the intelligentsia. The invading Germans confirmed the Russian confiscations and are not returning them to the Lithuanians. The Germans are seizing these properties as loot of war, which will aid them in colonizing the Baltic countries.

The Lithuanian border has been closed, all patriotic displays forbidden by the Nazis, and some 10,000 homeless people in that country are destitute of all aid.

ACCORDING to recent information, Jesuit communities have been dissolved by the Nazi Government in the following places in Germany: Aachen, Bonn, Düsseldorf, Essen, Cologne, Münster (Sentmaring and Königstrasse), Berlin (St. Clemens),

Hoheneichen, Mittelsteine, Munich (editorial residence for *Stimmen der Zeit*, which is no longer allowed to be published); also in Luxemburg. Father Rupert Mayer, famous preacher and leader in men's retreat work, has been moved from a concentration camp to a Benedictine monastery in Bavaria. Jesuits are imprisoned at Dachau. Quite a number have lost their lives as chaplains or, among the scholastics, in the military service. As there was no provision for chaplains among the parachute troops, Father Stadelhofer volunteered for this service and lost his life in a parachute jump in Greece.

CORDIAL praise was given to the work of the Society of Saint Vincent de Paul at the recent annual meeting of the National Conference of Catholic Charities in Houston, Texas. The Rev. Bryan J. McEntegart, president of the Conference, declared that "today spiritual values need to be emphasized strongly" and that "the work of a worldwide group of Catholic laymen, dedicated to the spiritual regeneration of their own lives and the lives of the needy, is of the utmost importance." Governmental agencies, he observed, and public departments could not supply for their work or "give the spiritual touch that softens the touch of adversity."

INTIMATE relations of charity and justice were emphasized at the same Conference by Archbishop Cicognani, Apostolic Delegate to the United States, who observed:

Charity cannot take the place of justice. Indeed, charity without justice would be maimed and ineffective, nor would its sporadic and partial beneficence be sufficient, when real reforms are necessary to guarantee adequate wages and to eliminate abuses and injustices. These reforms should be introduced without delay, especially because social miseries and suffering obscure our vision of Christ, harm moral life, and lead to disastrous reactions, rebellions and even revolution.

In this connection the Delegate drew attention to the words of Pope Pius XII in his Encyclical *Sertum Laetitiae*. Fears of many devout persons lest they be considered "social reformers" may be somewhat alleviated by this definite language.

INDIFFERENCE to religion was deplored, according to *Religious News Service*, in the annual report of Dr. Daniel L. Marsh, president of Boston University. Said Dr. Marsh:

Time was when the Bible was the common textbook in all public schools, and no person was regarded as fit to teach unless he himself was devoutly religious.

But now, things have come to such a pass that a tragic ignorance of the Bible is not only expected but is laughed at as a good joke.

Persons applying for teaching positions do not even mention their church affiliations, because religion is likely to minimize their opportunities for getting teaching positions.

Education's greatest contribution to national defense, said Dr. Marsh, was not in science and engineering, but in "essentials which made the American way of life possible in the beginning."

OUR NEW FEDERALIZED ARMY DESTROYS THE NATIONAL GUARD

CAPTAIN JOHN SPENSER

OUR citizen volunteer system of the National Guard stems from ingrained American conceptions of defense and has a social and political, as well as historic, position vital in our government and our sociology. During recent years it has greatly increased in importance.

Back in the 1920's, there had been a fine theory that the Regular Army was to be the first line of defense, with nine combat divisions, that the National Guard was to be filled up on the declaration of war to round out eighteen divisions ready for combat service in three months, and that the skeletonized Organized Reserves (officers only) would be filled with draftees and made ready to fight in six or nine months.

It was a nice theory, but it cracked in the face of reality. Strange as the phrase may be, this reality was idealism, American idealism, pacifist idealism, a feeling that the world had indeed been made permanently safe for democracy and that we and the world could straightway disarm. The idea took hold so widely that it became a fact of reality which guided policy. Under the impact of that idea, ships were sunk, we all know. What we do not know so well is that the Regular Army strength was allowed to dwindle during the economy era, that seasoned and skilled officers were let go in 1922 by the hundreds, that the Regular Army divisions almost all became paper divisions, that the National Guard took station, simply because it continued to exist and to grow, as a major part of the initial protective force of the nation. As John Albrook pointed out in a very penetrating article in *AMERICA* (April 29, 1939), the organized reserves were left out of the picture altogether from 1925 to 1940—and are still out of it.

Of course, these National Guardsmen were not hardened troops, but they were the most of the troops we had, organized and enrolled for immediate service.

A TEST IN MANEUVERS

In the summer of 1937, a most interesting problem in invasion and defense was staged on the New England coast.

The Navy was in the Pacific, blocked away by damage to the Panama Canal. It was calculated, from shipping available, how many troops might land suddenly near Cape Cod. They were far too many for the decimated two regular regiments in Massachusetts and Maine. It was calculated how

fast the First Division might be rushed to support them, coming by rail and road from its scattered posts, Plattsburg, Oswego, Burlington, Delaware, Maryland and New York. In addition there were brought to the scene a few fragments, which by grace of much imagination and exaggeration, were called the eighth and ninth divisions. It was calculated how fast the National Guard could be assembled at their armories and moved to the theatre of operations without delay for recruiting or for hardening. The defenders finally formed a defensive line from near Boston to near Fall River. Taunton and Brockton had been lost; New Bedford and Plymouth were gone. Yet the vital thing was not the ground lost or the imaginary battle that later took place. The thing that stood out was that, of the entire defending force, there was only one real combat division of regulars to six of guardsmen.

The National Guard was in the first line of defense! Congress, even while it was enacting the Selective Training and Service Act of 1940, declared that the National Guard should be "at all times maintained as a part of the first-line defense of the nation."

AN ARMY OF CIVILIAN VOLUNTEERS

This situation would have pleased the Founding Fathers of 1787. Those statesmen considered the militia the security of a free people, and nearly put into the Constitution phrases which would have prohibited there being any regular army in America at all. Gerry of Massachusetts considered it "unnecessary" and "dangerous to liberty." Mason of Virginia wanted security "against the danger of standing armies." Madison considered them "an evil." They remembered too well the "bloody backs" of Britain, and too well the oppressions and devastations foisted upon common citizens by the "New Model Army" of Cromwell's professionals in the nation whence they had so recently come. For decades, in fact, the new nation tried to get along without any more regulars than were needed to guard ordnance at West Point and Fort Pitt. There were two clauses in the Constitution, just drawn up, which formed the basis of our military organization. One gave Congress the power to raise and support armies. The other provided for a militia and kept the power of appointing its officers in the hands of the States.

This State "militia" it is which has grown into the National Guard.

This National Guard it is, composed of citizen volunteers, which is now in danger of extinction.

Of course, the true meaning of "militia" is very ancient and more inclusive than our present idea of a National Guard. Militia originally meant an obligation for service. It meant, in Europe, every man called out by a king in a "general levy" as distinct from the more restricted "feudal levy." It meant, in the American Colonies, every man carrying his musket to church, every man enrolled for protection against marauding Indians; it meant a complete organization against emergency, as in Virginia, where it was handled by county lieutenants "as under the laws of England." It was reflected in the Constitutional second amendment which said: "A well-regulated militia, being necessary to the security of a free people, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed." It was reflected in the Militia Act of 1792, which provided that every able-bodied citizen should be enrolled in his local company and should furnish musket, firelock and other necessary equipment. The defense of America was to have been in the hands of the civilian volunteer.

THE GROWTH OF SELECTIVE SERVICE

But changing circumstances change the strict tenor, if not the strict letter, of man-made laws. As colonial economy became more complicated, as Indians were pushed farther and farther back from the seaboard, the obligation was not so strictly enforced. Even at the time of the Revolution, militia participation had actually ceased to be universal. Man-power was called up in part only. Selected energetic souls formed selected units for regular training and instant service. These were the "minute men" if you please.

A similar change from universal obligation to selected obligation also took place in Europe. French peasants called out for the "milice" of the 18th century were not enrolled *en masse*; they were drawn by lot and used as individual replacements in the fights of France against Marlborough, and against Maria Theresa and Frederick. British subjects were also drawn by lot to furnish county quotas. Then there were also the volunteers of the militia, like that in Britain to which pudgy Edward Gibbon belonged, like that in France at the time of the French Revolution headed by Lafayette.

Over here, also, during the very Revolution, we used the selective method. During the Saratoga campaign, for instance, we find General Clinton's correspondence full of calls on counties for certain numbers of men "properly officered and accoutered" to be drawn from the militia and sent for service. Instead of using the general militia, we were raising armies, even though those armies were small.

By the very time, therefore, that the Constitution was being framed, with all its leaning upon the general militia idea, we find the "militia" in the sense of a whole people of a free state already a thing of the past. Dickinson of Pennsylvania wanted to establish a practice of calling only a fourth of the militia at a time, "which by rotation would discipline (i.e. train) the whole militia." But

it was not done. The famous act of 1792 stated that each able-bodied man between eighteen and forty-five should be enrolled in a local company, and should have a musket, belt, spare flints, knapsack and cartridges. And this was not done either. The "militia" as a whole did not actually exist; its place was taken by local volunteer organizations of younger men who had what Washington called "a natural fondness for military parade." These became the National Guard, which has been the mainstay of American militarism for a century and a half.

THE NATIONAL GUARD DECLINES

The Guard is a good force, a very good force. It is the best large force which we have had, even though not an excellent force. The regulars, during the past twenty years, have been distributed to overseas garrisons, scattered to isolated small posts at home, very heavily burdened with "housekeeping" duties, decimated by the "inactivation" of units. It has had vast numbers of its personnel on procurement and supply, on doctoring and legal duties, on staff and instruction assignments, furnishing the overhead for all three components. In this situation the National Guard has been, until 1940 at least, the backbone of our field forces. At the First Army maneuvers at Ogdensburg as recently as the summer of 1940, there was only one regular division available, and six and one-half National Guard divisions.

In spite of these two decades of predominance, the future of the Guard now hangs in the balance.

It will be recalled that in 1916, when Europe was at war, the entire National Guard was sent to the Mexican border for a matter of more than six months, presumably to protect our frontier from the forays of a few Mexican bandits, just as recently—with a war fully boiling in Europe—the Guard has gone into Federal service. That border training period of 1916 solidified and strengthened the Guard, just as this training period may.

But when the Guard was drafted into Federal service in 1917, and taken from State control as it is now, it was completely shattered and scattered. Its units were tossed about, divided and consolidated. Its personnel came back from France in dribbles and, practically speaking, its units went out of existence upon their demobilization as individuals. The National Guard had to be built up all over again. All of the efforts of General O'Ryan to save and resurrect it would have been in vain, were it not for the fact that even the nine-regular-army-division scheme of 1920 left the regulars numerically weaker than the Guard, and also were it not for the fact that the subsequent organization and expansion of the new Guard in the 1920's happened to coincide with the "economy" decimation and decline of the Regular Army.

POSSIBLE FATE OF THE GUARD

The Guard has now been steadily in active Federal military service for several months. When this period—and its extensions—are over, the Guard will go home. Whether it goes home later in suc-

cessive units, or goes home by individuals in dribbles under the current "release" orders of the War Department, it will probably go home to a country still facing the prospects of war, not to a country relaxing into peace. It will go home at the very instant that there is an expanding, highly mechanized, completely modernized Regular Army taking its place in the camps and cantonments, and not—as in 1919—with a dwindling Regular Army vainly bidding for popular interest and support under a "normalcy" or an "economy" administration.

It will, therefore, have to fight for its very life—politically. During the past year, the Guard has maintained a field strength of about 280,000. During the same time the "regular" units have increased in number and power. New regular divisions have been formed. Hosts of recruits have been, and still are, and will continue to be, coming in. The Organized Reserves have been robbed of their junior officers, of their captains and their lieutenants, and even of many of their majors, to put flesh on the new "regular" units, until the "regular" divisions, it now appears, are officered about seventy-five per cent with reservists. These "regulars" and the "regular" regulars are a threat to the very existence of the National Guard. As these grow in number, space must be found for them.

It seems now all too likely that they will crowd the Guard back into civil life. The rising "regulars" will take over the camps, the jobs and the vital assignments in the first line of the initial protective force. They will take over the modern weapons and the new vehicles, for who could claim that a once-a-week soldier should have these when the "regulars" need them, at least all of them that the British and the Russians do not get. The National Guard will degenerate into mere home guards and old-fashioned local militia.

This is not a desire on my part. It is not a certain prophecy. It is, though, a prediction of what may happen for lack of vigorous action and effort on the part of the National Guardsmen themselves.

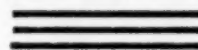
FORMATION OF A FEDERALIZED ARMY

The result will be a revolution in American army organization. As the draftees are later released from service, they will be available for recall as reservists, but as Federal reservists without connection with or obligation to the separate States. This will be true whether they served in a "regular" division or in a Guard division. The United States will thus, by the mere chain of successive circumstances, have built up a vast Federal, continental army scheme such as George Washington planned in 1790, but could not get adopted; such as General Palmer and Secretary Garrison tried to create in 1916, but without success. The Guard will be out of the picture, and out of current life will go the long standing idea of volunteer citizen units, such as have drilled in town and country for over two hundred years, such as volunteered *en masse* for Mexico with Taylor, for Virginia with McClellan, for Cuba with Shafter, and for the Philippines with MacArthur.

Of course, if this country were actually invaded, or engaged in a foreign expedition, it is extremely likely that, in spite of the fact that it and its men had been released from Federal service, they would be re-assembled, re-equipped, and used as group reserves. It is also likely that they may be affiliated with home guard efforts and frequently used to keep order in their own localities, to serve as air raid protection forces, to handle civilian refugee and traffic problems in the event of invasion. In fact, stripped of much of their heavy equipment, that would be about all they could do. In view of the demands for fighting equipment for England under the lend-lease arrangement, and in view of the very pressing needs of the growing "regular" units, no one believes that the Guard will be able to take home anti-aircraft guns, anti-tank guns, armored vehicles, in much, if any quantity at all. For lack of modern equipment of this sort, the National Guard will cease to be a real fighting force. Its enthusiastic volunteer units will lose much of their enthusiasm with restricted equipment and restricted training opportunities. The volunteer citizen will not volunteer for anything second rate. The citizen volunteer—so historic, precious, and useful a person—will disappear. The successive drafts of men selected for service and enrolled as reserves for future service for ten years, will bear almost all of the burden of defense effort. The United States will have a new system. It will be a completely Federalized peacetime conscription system, for which there will be little if any place for the citizen volunteer.

AS OF YORE, KEEP HOMEFIRES BURNING

ALICE McLAUGHLIN



"MARCH! Company March! Keep marching until I tell you to stop!"

This is the order issued by a sturdy little lad of three summers while he plays at being "Papa at Camp!" His two flaxen-haired sisters, aged four and five, form the company.

"Now, it's my turn," announces the elder of the two as they complete three marches around the room, and the retiring commander takes his place behind sister Josephine. Round about and round about and round about they go, like Milne's poetry children. Paul stands at attention and "pledges allegiance to the flag and the Roonited States of America." There is a fourth member in the unit, but she is yet too small to march, and at present is content to look smilingly on through the screened sides of her crib.

It is all play for the youngsters, and when they

play this game of camp and marching, it is taken very seriously. No smiling is allowed. Arms must swing just so. Each captain issues different orders and the performance goes on with due ceremony. Day after day these three little ones play at soldier, only seldom interrupted by a kind suggestion from Mother, who sees that fair play becomes the rule in the little camp.

Papa has gone to camp, they tell you. People call him Colonel. He wears a uniform with a shiny brown belt and a funny hat—not at all like the one he wore to work. He calls them his little soldiers, and mother is the general in command during his absence.

The sweet companionship with papa and the children has been interrupted. Mother is lonesome without him, especially when the four little ones are tucked in their beds and the house is quiet. They miss his cheerful "Hello" and the fun he made for them when he came in after his day's work. They notice a wistful expression on their mother's face at times when they are having a wonderful time playing camp. They wonder what she is thinking about. Perhaps she does not like them to play soldier, though she has never said so. Perhaps she is thinking of papa drilling his men for war.

Kathleen, Josephine, Paul put many questions to mother about the camp where papa is. They want to know the whys and wherefores. How long will he have to stay there? When will he come home? Then what? Who is doing his work in town? Does he sleep in a real bed? Who cooks his dinner for him? Does he have to eat cereal every morning? Why does he have to eat everything that is on his plate? How can he see to march his men at night? Isn't it dark there as well as here? What time does he go to bed?

The active little minds are interested in every word that mother tells them. They listen attentively as she tells them that papa wants them to grow up to be very good soldiers under her care and direction. The word duty is interpreted to mean something very important even at the ages of three, four and five.

So this little home, like so many others, becomes a miniature camp. There is one soldier in uniform who is away, but there is one soldier at home who carries on with full responsibility. She takes command over her little troops, mustering them to the line of duty, keeping faith and heart to the best of her ability. She makes her sacrifice with a heart that conceals its loneliness. She is earnest and conscientious in the training of her little ones to the principles of love, duty and peace. Here is a sanctuary of peace and a nursery of virtue that is sheltered and protected during every hour of the day and night. The first lessons of defense and protection are taught at mother's knee as the children learn to lisp the name of God. They ask Him to "keep Papa well and send him home soon." They ask "Mary, Queen of Peace, to pray for us." They learn to know and love the Infant Jesus.

Mother is in command while these active little ones run and play. She is the captain and the

leader, the guide and the helper, directing her every effort toward their well-being. The truths of religion are woven into their pattern of life by the constant training of their good mother who teaches them to sing of God's goodness and tender love. To her falls the duty of discipline, the lessons of obedience, respect, loyalty and devotion, so that they may be armed with the only important things for life. It is under her guidance that tempers are brought under control, manners are taught, corrections are made and childish arguments are settled. She has to be kind, sympathetic, understanding and infinitely patient.

It is a happy and fortunate little army that has one of God's noble women acting as the leader. It is a united little troop who need no bugle to awaken them in the morning. There is action from sun-up to sun-down. There is noise and shouting while they are at play. They work seriously at their games, and imaginations are called upon to carry them to playland.

While mother closes the door of the little nursery to tend to her infant, she praises God for the children's voices that echo through the house and in her heart. The innocence and beauty of the little baby dispel all shadows from mother's mind. This room seems apart from the profoundly disturbed world, as the tiny face lightens with smiles at her mother in seeming appreciation of the loving care. She hears the voices of her brother and sisters and makes gurgling sounds as though requesting mother to allow them to come in and visit with her.

At mother's call, in they come, strangely quiet as children can sometimes be. With their very soft voices, they tell baby papa is at camp, and he will be surprised when he hears that she has four teeth. They will have much news to relay in mother's letter about their baby sister. They are waiting for her to grow up so she can march with them. And then they troop back to their noisy play.

This is the time of day when mother looks at her precious little flock and raises her heart to God in thanksgiving for His blessings.

She is the courageous soldier who is devoting her life to the training and care of the little ones. She knows what it is to be weary. She knows the patience required of her while on duty. She knows the happiness of having her little ones sheltered and protected. She realizes that she is the leader and the teacher in the home training camp. The lessons learned there will not be forgotten when the children have outgrown their lisps, and finished with their youthful games. This knowledge is consolation enough for her mother's sacrifice. It enables her to face the children's future with a sense of security and smiling confidence.

Face to face with the hardships and dangers of life at camp, the soldiers in uniform remember the influence of the home from which they have come. From it, from the memory of a mother who prepared them to meet life as soldiers in the army of Christ, they find the loyalty and courage to be good soldiers in the loyal service of their native land.

YOUTH HUNGERS FOR THE SPIRIT IN A WORLD OF SMASHED IDEALS

HELENE MAGARET

NEVER BEFORE, it seems to me, has the Catholic Church in America had better cause to hope, to plan and to rejoice. And this statement is made in the face of continued denunciations which the Catholic press hurls against a decadent, stricken world—denunciations which, no doubt, are necessary to the eradication of evil. However, is it not possible for Catholic journalists to be so embedded in the milieu of the world about them, so conscious of the *Weltanschauung* which is actual, that they fail to perceive a new, potential *Weltanschauung* which is in imminent danger of being smothered by neglect?

The symptoms to which I refer can be discovered not among the old, whose hearts have crystallized in the *mores* of contemporary society, but among the young, whose hearts are not yet full-grown. They should be apparent to all of us who have given lecture notes to the children of our former classmates. The contrast between the two generations is astounding.

Those who are young today have little in common with their parents, who were young in the days when Bertrand Russell, Clarence Darrow and H. L. Mencken were casting their long black shadows as far west as the Bible Belt.

The older generation was rebellious then, and no wonder! In childhood it had been inculcated with the belief that the final end of man's life is self-reliance, material progress and success. Andrew Jackson, Ralph Waldo Emerson and the village "school marm" had done their best. The era prior to 1914 was one of sublime optimism. All mankind seemed to be moving toward perfection, not by reason of a mystical theology, not even by reason of a system of rational ethics. The millennium was to be the result of an economic system, an enlightened democracy. How many baccalaureate sermons pictured a land of peace and plenty, where each citizen could choose whether he preferred to be a street-cleaner or the President and where a vague, benevolent God opened the purse-strings of the city banker as well as the pearly gates of Heaven.

Then came 1914, 1917 and chaos. The older generation was not stupid. It discovered that the teachers had lied and that the preachers had been dreaming. It is not surprising that disillusioned men and women sought comfort in the negative philosophies of Schopenhauer, Nietzsche and Tom Paine. It is not surprising that university students ran from

the classrooms of New York colleges to Jim Reed dances, to the smoke-filled "joints" of Greenwich Village, and to the battered editorial rooms of the *Masses*. The reason for restraint was gone; henceforth the betrayed generation would be free. Out of its rebellion sprang the school of "bad girl poets" led by Edna St. Vincent Millay and Elinor Wylie. Out of its disappointment came a windfall of books—drab, naturalistic, cynical. Out of its frustrated love came promiscuity, birth control and easy divorce.

These, briefly, are the fruits of the old *Weltanschauung* which the Catholic press so persistently and rightly decries. These also are the fruits of the old generation. However, let us not forget that a new generation is at hand.

Teach for one year in any non-religious college or university today and you will understand why there is reason to hope. "The fathers have eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth are set on edge." To these children, no promises were made. Neither their parents nor their teachers told them fairy-tales of progress or of wealth meted out by a benevolent God. They were born into the confusion of the post-War years. They grew up in the misery of economic depression. Even those who were well-clothed and pampered and driven about in motor-cars breathed the bad air about them. They have lived without God, without standards, without a meaning for life.

Such are the young people who fill our colleges today—the bewildered, confused, unhappy products of loneliness, divorce and denial. I have had them in my classes; I have read the essays they write; I have talked with them in the long, still hours of the night. Disillusionment, the illness of their parents, is a difficult thing to cure. But their own disease is more fortunate; it is unmistakably a hunger for God. "How can we help being confused?" they have asked me; or with nostalgic emphasis they have said: "If we only had something to believe, something worth living for."

Often they betray an almost pathetic curiosity about Catholicism. More than once some of them have walked to the very church doors with me and then shyly turned away. Once, as I left a confessional, I saw two of them kneeling at the altar-rail. "The Catholic Church means something very real to me," wrote a Jewish girl in her class journal. "Some time I want to get up in the morning, when everyone is still asleep, and I want to go to

early Mass all alone." Another, who had fallen away from a liberal faith, handed me an essay entitled, "I want to be a Quaker and a Catholic."

The development of a faith or a philosophy takes a long time. Many forces, good and bad, impinge upon it. During the time that I knew them, most of these girls continued in their confusion. Since the education which their elders offered them taught that no spiritual hunger should exist, they were a little ashamed and very much afraid of what seemed to them a weakness. But more important than this symptom of hesitation are the symptoms of humility and longing. Here at last is a youth which is no longer trying to cast away traditional affirmations, but which is hunting desperately for those which it has never had.

A good deal has been written in the past about children who are physically undernourished. I wonder how many Catholics realize the actual pain suffered by those children who are spiritually undernourished. I am not being metaphorical. I have seen it; it is as heart-rending as the sight of a child suffering on a hospital bed.

To those who are not discerning or who have

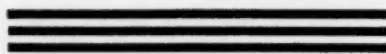
had no opportunity to study the problem at first hand, these youngsters seem to imitate their parents. Certainly they manifest the sins of ignorance. They cheat in their classes; they lie and deceive their friends; they are blasphemous, profane and unchaste. No one has taught them otherwise.

Yet, if one must become as a little child before he can enter the Kingdom of Heaven, there should be great hope for these barbarians. Somewhere they will find satisfaction for their need. The *soif de Dieu* which sent the German youth of a decade ago wandering restlessly from country to country was disastrously quenched by the polluted water of Hitlerism. What will happen in America?

Now surely is the time for enthusiastic, hopeful Catholic Action. In twenty years, or in ten years, it may be too late. It would be hard, if not impossible, to change the parents; let us offer our prayers for their souls. But in the hearts of the young a new *Weltanschauung*, which may determine America's life in the future, has already germinated. What it needs is a rich soil, water and the sun.

TONS OF MEDICAL SUPPLIES ARE NEEDED BY THE MISSIONS

EDWARD F. GARESCHÉ



THE Catholic Medical Mission Board is a unique institution. It is a voluntary society, governed by a Board of Directors, who represent the principal mission groups in the United States. Its associate members, in many parts of the country, help the work with voluntary contributions and by gathering and sending large quantities of medical supplies. For the last twelve years, its offices at 8 West 17 Street, New York, N. Y., have served as a clearing house for medical supplies and information for all the Catholic missions of the world.

While those missions which have their headquarters in the United States are given special consideration, no worthy missionary is ever refused medical aid. A well developed system of questionnaires and correspondence, certified by the Bishops and Vicars Apostolic, guides the Sisters, The Daughters of Mary, Health of the Sick, who select and prepare the materials for shipment. Countless letters from missionaries certify to the fruitfulness of the work, for both bodies and souls, and tell us that they depend on our shipments of medical supplies to such an extent that, if these did not come, they would have to close their dispensaries, especially

since the supplies have been cut off from Europe.

The letters, photographs and answers to questionnaires sent in by the missionaries at 1,000 mission stations conducted by more than 100 Religious communities all over the world, at home and afar, make up a unique source of information as to Catholic medical mission activities and on the state of the missions in general. As far as we know, there does not exist in the world another such collection of Catholic medical mission statistics. These documents present touching pictures of the needs and miseries of human nature and the merciful charity of Christ.

Here is one that is characteristic. A group of Sisters visited us and pleaded for one of their Community who has a dispensary in the heart of China, where annual floods drive the people to the highlands. She asked for medicines, bandages and dressings to help the refugees. Our Sisters prepared four large packing cases, containing about 500 pounds of carefully selected supplies and sent them out to this distant mission. Months after, a letter came, vividly describing the arrival of the supplies just in time. The Sisters, reinforced with these means of

healing, went into the huts and caves where the miserable people were crowded together, bound up their wounds and gave them remedies.

But then the Sisters' attention was drawn to a band of prisoners, who were hounded up the road by soldiers and confined in a great pagoda, strictly guarded. The Sisters sought admission, but were waved away. "No use of healing these wretches," said the soldiers. "They are all criminals, brought here to be beheaded!" A soldier finally said: "Make us some masks, so that we can stand the stench of these wretches and we will let you in."

Into that hell of despair and suffering the Sisters brought merciful healing. They washed the festering wounds, gave remedies for the fevers. Astonished, the criminals asked: "Why do you help us?" One of the Sisters held up a Crucifix, and told them in fluent Chinese of the mercy and gentleness of Jesus, Who died to save them.

Moved by such charity, the criminals called out: "Jesus, have mercy on us!" They asked for Baptism. No priest being available, the Sisters hastily instructed them in the essentials for Baptism. In one day they baptized over 400; and in the next few days nearly 1,000 in all. These poor wretches were forthwith beheaded, and went to Heaven as newly baptized souls.

Aid to the missions is entirely voluntary. Funds come in by mail from all over the United States, usually in small contributions. Schools, hospitals, individuals gather sample medicines, make bandages and dressings, following instructions in our Catholic Medical Mission Manual. The progress of the work and the letters of the missionaries are published in the *Medical Mission News*, appearing every month except in summer. Vast quantities of supplies are purchased at the lowest rates and packaged under the supervision of the Sisters. Vaseline is purchased, a thousand pounds at a time, for less than four cents per pound. The best quality of aspirin is secured in five-grain tablets for fifty cents a thousand, in lots of 100,000. Other standard remedies like boric acid, sulphur, bicarbonate of soda, are purchased in great quantities, and thus we save seventy-five per cent of the purchase price. In this way, at a minimum of expense, twenty-six tons of material were sent out during 1940.

Doctors and hospitals also contribute surgical instruments and hospital equipment. Not long ago, a doctor from the deep South, armed with a letter from his Bishop, came to ask aid for a maternity hospital for Negroes, telling about the pitiful need. He had been going about seeking aid, but had grown deeply discouraged. When he arrived at the headquarters of the Board, he had firmly made up his mind to abandon the entire enterprise unless he obtained help there. We gave him many instruments which would have cost him \$1,000 to purchase, and enough equipment to enable him to commence his hospital. Now he has a thriving enterprise, helping many miserable souls and paving the way for conversions.

We never refuse any authentic appeal—something is always sent. The Sisters prepare special first aid kits for the use of the missionaries and

nearly 700 have been sent out to the missions. It would cost individuals about \$200 to buy such a kit, but the Board sends them out for \$30. About 500 surgical sets, prepared originally for the Army, were secured for the missions, and many of them have been distributed.

The material which goes out from the Catholic Medical Mission Board each year, if purchased locally, would, it is estimated, cost the missionaries about \$100,000. A special Providence watches over these supplies, which penetrate where even the postal services cannot go and are sometimes carried on the heads of the native porters far into the jungle.

The need of these mission populations is indescribable. They are plagued by all the diseases we know and many unknown among us. Millions suffer from malaria, more are ill from typhus, leprosy, yellow fever, the plague, dysentery and all manner of skin diseases and intestinal parasites. Disease takes a fearful toll from the ignorant masses.

The mortality among women and children, especially, is appalling. In Africa, the death rate of the new born is sometimes eighty-five per cent, but by proper care this can be reduced to less than ten per cent. The late Pope, through the Sacred Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith, issued a call for new communities of Sisters to work for the medical missions.

One answer to this appeal is the Religious congregation, the Daughters of Mary, Health of the Sick. They have devoted themselves to medical mission work, and now aid the Board by selecting and shipping supplies. But their greatest vocation is to establish schools, where women of mission districts, here and abroad, will be trained as nurse-catechists to work in organized groups and instruct other women to care for mothers and children.

A never-ending horizon of medical mission work opens before us, both in this country in the sparsely settled districts, especially among the Negroes and Indians, and in the fields afar, particularly in Africa, China and India. In India over 70,000,000 outcasts look hopefully toward the Catholic Church. In Africa whole tribes who could be saved are dying out. China is a fertile field of conversions, which are powerfully aided by medical work. Non-Catholic denominations have long ago awakened to the tremendous efficacy of the medical mission work, which goes far to explain why their missions are rivaling Catholic enterprises. Those who wish to enter, need only the usual qualifications. Professional training is not required.

Among the most desirable means of promoting Catholic missions and saving bodies and souls is surely this medical work. As the late Holy Father remarked, after hearing of the work of the Catholic Medical Mission Board: "This is the work which Christ Himself chose, both to begin and carry out His Ministry." Though our means are limited, still there is reaped even now an overwhelming harvest of souls, and this is the object and incentive of the work. "The body for the sake of the soul, the body and soul for God" is the motto and inspiration of the Catholic Medical Mission Board.

IS OUR FORM OF LAND TENURE BEST FITTED FOR MODERN NEEDS?

JOSEPH H. FICHTER

SOME time during his life, every man toys with the desire to own and control a piece of God's good earth. It may be that he wants to run his own farm, or dairy, or timberland. It may be that he simply looks forward to a lawn and garden in which he can putter away the remaining days of his mortal life. Such is a more or less universal desire, but the small percentage of men who attempt to realize that dream soon find out that the cost of land as a plaything is prohibitive and as a profession is unprofitable.

Our present national system of land tenure is a wonderful thing for the fortunate few who have inherited valuable business sites in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and elsewhere. But for the majority of our American people, and especially for the farmer, it is nothing short of a lifelong obstacle.

Five years ago President Roosevelt wrote to Henry Wallace, then Secretary of Agriculture:

I am anxious that we thoroughly examine and report on the most promising ways of developing a land tenure system which will bring an increased measure of security, opportunity, and well-being to the great group of present and prospective farm tenants. The rapid increase of tenant farmers during the past half century is significant evidence that we have fallen far short of achieving the traditional American ideal of owner-operated farms. The growing insecurity of many classes of farm tenants, frequently associated with soil depletion and declining living conditions, presents a challenge to national action which I hope we can meet in a thoroughly constructive manner.

In the period since 1936 (when this letter was written), the only notable improvement of the farm tenant's personal condition has come through the abnormal demand for defense workers. The problem itself has not been solved in a constructive manner. The hordes of landless proletarians have merely been shifted to industrial centers; and in those places they will constitute a stupendous problem after the completion of the rearmament program and the dissolution of the Army.

But why wait till then? It seems imperative that we should now look around for some solution of our moribund system of land ownership. Because the preservation of democratic living requires forethought, and because it is better to have the answers ready beforehand, we have reason to look into a form of land tenure that is being proposed to the Legislature of the State of New York.

This proposed type of land ownership might be called the American form, since it was devised by

an American and is being pushed by the American Association for Scientific Taxation. What it is called matters little. Pius XI spoke of different forms of ownership: primitive, patriarchal, tyrannical, feudal and monarchic, and he neither approved nor disapproved of any of them. In his Encyclical, *Quadragesimo Anno*, he declines to say which of them might meet the requirements of the commonweal in the modern world. The principle of ownership was constant, but the application of that principle was changeable.

The suggested application of the unchanging right of land ownership takes the form of an amendment to Section 10, article 1, of the Constitution of the State of New York, relating to ownership of lands, allodial tenures, escheats. It reads as follows:

The people of the state, in their right of sovereignty, possess the original and ultimate property in and to all lands within the jurisdiction of the state. All lands shall forever remain allodial so that the entire and absolute title is vested in the owners, according to the nature of their respective estates. It is hereby declared that all land rent belongs to the people as a governmental asset, and it shall be the duty of the legislature to pass laws to collect the full annual value of all land exclusive of improvements, for governmental use. All lands the title of which shall fail, from a defect of heirs, shall revert, or escheat to the people. The term land shall be construed to comprise all natural resources inclusive of the surface of the earth, and all natural substances and powers on, in and over it, but exclusive of improvements thereto.

This amendment contains the three following points: (1) The people of the state retain their right of eminent domain and are, in their right of sovereignty, the ultimate owners of the land; (2) The intermediate owners, that is, the landowners as we commonly understand the term, continue to enjoy absolute title to their possession. This means that they may buy and sell, use and bequeath their land in the same manner as at present. (3) The land rent belongs to the people as a governmental asset and shall be collected by the state as an annual tax.

The third point, concerning land rent, is the prime and fundamental difference between this and other forms of land tenure. It requires considerable investigation, for its effects upon society in general and upon landowners and prospective landowners in particular will be very great.

The rent which will be taken by the state is the so-called unearned increment of the land, commonly known as ground rent, or economic rent. The

farmer can attribute a certain amount of his product to his labor and capital; whatever remains as surplus over that amount is the rent of which we are speaking here. For example, a tenant farmer's annual net product is one thousand dollars. Let us say that eight hundred dollars of that sum can be attributed to his labor and his capital (or tools, horses, etc.). The remaining two hundred dollars, which he would ordinarily pay to the landowner as annual rental, is the "ground rent." This amount, or a large share of it, would be taken by the state in the form of a tax.

Baldly stated in this fashion, this appears to be a tremendous tax. But the fact is that, instead of paying a tax on the assessed value of a farm as it now stands, with its improvements of barns, fences, roads, etc., the owner will pay a tax only on the assessed value of the land itself, exclusive of improvements. As the proponents of the amendment explain it, the annual value of land exclusive of improvements is directly due to the presence and activities of population and to the manner and amount of public expenditures. It is, therefore, a social value, contributed to the land by society, and is a "natural" and logical source of public revenue.

It is true, of course, that land has another value besides its inherent capacity for producing food to satisfy the needs of man. Land is called valueless when it is geographically inaccessible, when there are no people who wish to make use of it, when there is no "market" or demand for it. Whether or not we agree that the full value of land is attributable to the presence of people is a question which need not concern us here. The point is whether the practical proposal of paying this social value, or ground rent, to the state will help to solve our present problem of land tenure.

The Papal Encyclicals have told us that property has a two-fold aspect: individual and social. Any system of land ownership, therefore, is good or bad, dependent upon the effect it has upon the welfare of both the individual and the society in which he lives. The system of land tenure which would confiscate all land value as a governmental asset must be measured by the same yardstick that is applied to every societal activity: its impact and consequences on man and society.

In general, then, this modification of property rights by means of land taxation is a good thing if it promotes the interests of the whole community without causing undue harm to any individual person. But it is not always easy to foretell whether a certain kind of land ownership, especially if it is as novel and untried as the one we are considering, will be unduly severe on some class of individuals even while it is beneficial to the community as a whole. After all, the right of ownership is not an end in itself, and its limitations must be fixed according to the lessons of experience rather than by any hard and fast *a priori* rules.

There are several reasons why this system promises to be beneficial to the community as a whole. The great "unearned profits" which now accrue to the holders of valuable business sites would revert to the people. Land speculators would vanish

because land held out of use would be profitless. The landless majority, especially the army of dispossessed farmers and wandering Okies, would have easier and cheaper access to the land. A return to ownership of the land by the millions who desire to work and live close to the soil would be an almost immediate result of this legislation.

But there are others who would be harmed by it; and to find out who these are we must distinguish between those who own land when the amendment is enacted and those who buy land after it is enacted. The only inconvenience coming to the latter class (if it can be called an inconvenience) would be the fact that they could not anticipate a speculative rise in the real estate market, for such a rise would be most improbable. Any value they add to the land by their labor or by the expenditure of money would be to their own advantage. The assessment would not be placed upon such improvements, as it is in the present set-up, but upon the "social" value of the land.

Those who own land when the amendment goes into effect will suffer in the transition, even though they make full use of their land. The market price of all land will immediately settle to a lower level. Those who control large holdings of land for speculative purposes will learn the same lesson that stock speculators learned in a "selling market." Temporarily the bottom will drop out of the market.

Such people would have a moral claim upon the state to compensate them in some way for the losses they suffer. The claim may be settled by the manner in which the amendment is made a law, that is, a sufficiently gradual method may be worked out in the introduction of the law so that the losses will not be too sudden or too great. The remainder could be arranged for by a money payment or by temporary and preferential taxation. However, these people will always be in the minority, and while the minority's rights must always be respected, the rights and social welfare of the masses must be given prime consideration.

The conditions which Catholic moralists have placed since before the time of Saint Thomas must still be retained when we think of a change in our land tenure. Marxism has almost made it necessary to overemphasize the right of *private* ownership, and we Catholics have at times forgotten that the right of property is necessarily conditioned by the presence of the community.

The man on the street, however, has practical fears concerning the encroachment of the state in the matter of confiscating the ground rent. Just why this fear should exist is an enigma. Three-quarters of the farms in the United States are not owned by the farmers who work them. One per cent of the population of Manhattan owns eighty-five per cent of the land on the Island. Sixteen men own 47,800,000 acres of United States timber land.

These statistics are only a partial indication of our disorganized and unequal distribution of land ownership. The amendment to section ten of the New York State Constitution may not be the complete and final solution, but it is, at least, a refreshing beginning.

MODEL LABOR CHARTER

ALL labor leaders might profitably spend an evening, with slippers and pipe, ruminating on the new constitution adopted by the Brotherhood of Painters, Decorators and Paperhangers, an A. F. of L. affiliate with 125,000 members. In four important respects, this document could serve as a model for all union charters.

In the first place, every trace of "class struggle" has been deleted from the preamble, which states the aims of the union. These include the adoption of ways and means

to promote, encourage and bring into existence satisfactory contractual relationships with employers . . . for the purpose of advancing and maintaining better relations between such employers and our members and for the further purpose of stabilizing employment conditions to the mutual advantage of both employers and our members.

Thus, for the old sword-and-dagger attitude between employer and employe is substituted an ideal of cooperation in a common enterprise.

Realizing that a subversive minority of unionists opposes such cooperation for ulterior motives, the delegates who drew up the new constitution categorically banned all Communists, Nazis and Fascists from membership. They recognized, what less intelligent labor leaders seem unable to see, that these movements are "inimical to or subversive of the fundamental principles and institutions" of the A. F. of L. and all American trade unionism.

In the third place, greatly increased powers were given to the general executive board, not only to root out subversive elements when locals refuse or are unable to act, but to interfere whenever the business of a local is "improperly conducted" or its officers are "neglectful, dishonest or incompetent." In such cases, the executive board is empowered to appoint a special trustee to take over the local.

Finally, the new constitution forbids officers or locals to appeal to the courts before they have exhausted the juridical facilities provided within the brotherhood. In the past, whenever internal squabbles arose, there has been a tendency to rush to the courts, to the detriment of both the Union's good repute in the public mind and its treasury.

In all these respects, the delegates of the Painters, Decorators and Paperhangers have done an intelligent job. Racketeers, Reds and the disgruntled elements which are found in every human organization, will no longer be able to impede the union in its objective of fostering "the continuous improvement of the working and living standards of the members."

Furthermore, a long-suffering public will be reassured by the unequivocal stand against subversive and dishonest elements, for the large powers granted to the executive board to enforce this position give substance to the hope that the delegates are not tossing just another verbal sop to their critics. And, most important of all, the shift in emphasis from "class struggle" to cooperation reveals a growth in intelligent, constructive labor leadership.

EDITORIAL

STONES FOR BREAD

IT IS estimated by former President Herbert Hoover that there are about forty million democratic children in Europe. These millions of children, together with their adult relatives, belong to nations which were democracies, and which would wish once more to live a free and democratic way of life. In many parts of Europe, these children and their elders will endure a winter of starvation. Through all of these countries, the children will be starved of essential foodstuffs, meats, fats, milk. With famine will go disease. With undernourishment will grow up a generation of weaklings.

A less persistent and less sincere man than Mr. Hoover would long ago have been discouraged, and would have abandoned his plans and his hopes of bringing relief to the innocent victims of Hitler's aggression. The refusal of Great Britain to permit food to be shipped, even as an experiment, into any of the Occupied Countries was absolute and final. The attitude of the State Department in Washington followed the pattern of the British rebuff. Neither nation would save democratic peoples by feeding them.

Last week, Mr. Hoover made another stirring appeal to the nation, and offered a new recommendation to the Government. He was a voice crying over the radio to a wilderness. All ears were deaf. The State Department and the British Government relaxed not the slightest in their determination to let the victims of democratic Europe starve, if that be necessary to aid in Hitler's downfall. It mattered little that Mr. Hoover argued that feeding children in Belgium would not contribute to a Hitler victory. The democracies must harden their hearts, even unto ruthlessness, to defeat the cruel Nazis.

It is granted that there are economic and military arguments against the Hoover plan. It is, likewise, felt that Mr. Hoover has not received from the Nazi Government guarantees that are sufficiently explicit and trustworthy. It is recognized that the first and greatest responsibility for feeding the captured peoples rests on Germany. Nevertheless, charity and world responsibility demand that, at least an attempt be made to save these peoples who are our friends and who are stricken by our enemies. It is the way of Christ.

INCHING TOWARD WAR

THREE Republican Senators disconcerted the Republicans, the Democrats, the New Dealers, the Administration, and presumably Mr. Roosevelt, by introducing an amendment calling for the outright and complete repeal of the entire Neutrality Acts of 1937 and 1939.

The three Republican Senators agreed with the very impatient Mr. Willkie that we are not getting into the war quickly enough. Neither they nor Mr. Willkie were satisfied with the creeping little steps being taken by the Administration.

We, too, are impatient with the slow, stealthy steps that are leading inevitably to a total war against the Nazis. We are impatient, however, for reasons that are contradictory to the Willkie warmongering. The people are being fed war, piece by piece. The people are swallowing war in tidbits. Now it is just a little legislation to arm our merchant ships. Next week it will be just a little legislation to permit our merchant ships to sail into belligerent ports and to venture into the declared combat zones. The war strategists are wheedling the nation into a war declaration.

To this procedure, we object. The time has come for Mr. Roosevelt and the Administration to lay candidly before Congress and the American people their complete program for the destruction of Hitler and Nazism. This is not the moment for debate on whether or not we add guns to freighters, or whether we steam our tankers up the Thames. It is the moment, and perhaps it is a moment too late, for Congress fully to debate the issues of the entry of the United States into war. It is the time for complete candor.

Your Congressman and your Senator would be embarrassed, would be disconcerted, would be extremely annoyed by a proposal to split open the whole question of the whole program for war. And yet, as they must realize, that is the only important matter for debate, just now. But they evade the staggering issue just now, because they know the people would be outraged by an honest declaration of intentions.

The people must be moved toward war ever so gradually, so that, when the declaration comes, we may all rally round the flag in national unity.

A GERMAN BISHOP SPEAKS

IN the Cathedral at Münster, in Westphalia, the Bishop preached to the parents on the problems of the young. He denounced the Nazi indifference to the sanctity of marriage, their interference with children's religious duties, the evil associations of the camps.

A voice was heard from a rear pew, as a young uniformed Party member rose and barked the question: "What right has a celibate, without wife or children, to talk about the problems of youth and marriage?"

The Bishop slammed his vigorous hand on the pulpit, demanded silence, and exclaimed: "Never will I tolerate in this Cathedral any reflection upon our beloved Führer!"

The Bishop's reply has echoed through the world. The voice that uttered it has never yet been silenced; Clemens August, Count von Galen and Bishop of Münster is one person on whose giant frame, well over six feet in height and powerfully built, the Gestapo has not yet dared lay its clutches.

The Galens, remarked the Bishop, when speaking once about his family, are *verdammt katholisch* and always have been; this may be translated as "incurably or definitely Catholic." Christopher Bernard von Galen, Prince-Bishop of Münster in the seventeenth century, restored peace and prosperity to a countryside harassed by the terrible Thirty Years' War. The first piece of social legislation in the German Reichstag was introduced in 1877 by Ferdinand Heribert von Galen, whose son was the first president of the national Catholic Conference (*Katolikentag*) of Mainz. In recent years the "Galens" have been in the forefront of religious revival and social reform in the Reich.

Again the Bishop's voice has echoed around the world because of his startling sermon of July 13, 1941, in the Münster Cathedral of Saint Lambert. The *Klostersturm*, warfare on the religious houses, had reached Münster, the Bishop said, after wreaking its terrible havoc in the Reich and in the newly conquered German lands. The time selected by the Gestapo missionary for throwing nuns and priests, "like helots," out upon the streets of Münster was the psychological moment immediately after a British air raid, when the populace were overcome with terror and depression.

The Bishop concealed nothing. "It can happen to me," he frankly stated, and narrated how the authorities had already taken terrible revenge upon him merely for exerting his appointment rights under the Concordat. They arrested and deported two members of his own Cathedral household, Canons Vorwerk and Eschelmeyer. Inquiries at the Berlin headquarters revealed that there was no complaint against either of these clergymen. In their case, as in that of the Religious, there was no accusation, as there was no question of trial. They were attacked purely and simply as "hostages," the exact Nazi and Bolshevik technique for tormenting those individuals whose physical persons could not be assailed, or whom it would be

dangerous policy for even a dictator to disturb.

With scathing absence of comment, the Bishop compared the high protestations of regard for legality and justice made by Reichsminister of Justice Frank with what was taking place. He finished with the cry: "We demand justice!" and warned that all the military victories of the German armies would mean nothing if the nation were rotten within.

Why has the Bishop himself not yet been arrested? Because of the essential element in the Nazi warfare on Christianity, which is always to veil its assaults on religion and morals in a garb of respectability and apparent regard for religious convention. This is no new trick for persecutors, as some of the Moscow tactics show; but it has been brought to the highest perfection by the Nazis, and has deceived many a believer in other lands. Catholics the world over should say a prayer of gratitude to God, a prayer for continued strength to Bishop von Galen and his associates, for his courage in ripping off the veil of hypocrisy from the hoofs and fangs of the persecutor.

WALK RIGHT IN

ELDEST of eleven children and father of eight is Charles F. Vatterott, Jr., real-estate dealer and president of the Ball Lumber Company, of St. Louis, Mo. From experience Mr. Vatterott knows the difficulty of rearing a large family, and he knows, too, the joys and blessings that go with it. For this reason he somehow got the idea that a real-estate man can build some of that experience into brick and steel and do something to upset the notion that an apartment house must necessarily be a warning to babies and an invitation to dogs.

Thinking his idea over, Mr. Vatterott worked out his scheme for Mary Ridge. He talked to the Federal housing authorities about it, but they told him it was plain crazy and refused to finance it. This grieved Mr. Vatterott, for their sake and that of the country in general, but did not stop his idea. Having already built more than 2,000 homes in St. Louis County and seen so many big families turned down who wanted to buy or rent, he decided that some day he would "develop a subdivision devoted exclusively to big families for, to my mind, they are the backbone of the nation."

So when prospective purchasers arrive at Mary Ridge, if they are blessed with four or more children, they hear a specially warm: "Walk right in!" To them the houses are sold on a twenty-year payment basis at a price lower (average \$3,000) than to those with smaller families (average \$3,500). And the profit from the venture is used to provide for the 100 homes those outdoor gardens and playgrounds, etc., which will make life healthy and agreeable for children. The average family in the development has five or six children. Ultimately everything will belong to the families themselves. "There is no catch," says Mr. Vatterott, "in our non-profit system." The thing works; and if you do not believe so, go and see for yourself.

NO DIVIDED LOYALTY

AN outstanding feature in the history of every modern state is its never-ending attempt to take for Caesar the things that belong to God. This effort began with the rejection in the sixteenth century of the truth that Christ founded a visible Church, invested with authority to rule, in His Name, in matters of Faith and of morals. From this rejection, it was but a step to the rejection of religion in matters of government, and the philosophers of the new dispensation soon found ample grounds, as they thought, for the teaching that the civil authority was bound by no law, save that which it might impose upon itself. The state, they said, cannot admit that the interests of religion are equal to its own, for the state must be the one supreme visible authority for its citizens.

In the Gospel for tomorrow (Saint Matthew, xxii, 15-21), the Teacher Who is Divine Wisdom itself rejects this philosophy. Confounding the Pharisees, who tried to discredit Him by making Him out to be an enemy of the civil power, Our Lord teaches plainly that all men must give the state what belongs to the state. All authority is from God, and when the state rightfully uses the power with which it is Divinely invested, it can command our obedience, and over and above this, our loyalty. Indeed, a proper love of our country is a virtue, and as such its practice is encouraged by the Church.

Between these two great societies, the Church of Christ and the state, each ruling in the sphere entrusted to it by Almighty God, there can be no real conflict of interests. Conflict arises, however, when Caesar, not content with the tribute which he may justly exact, demands "the things that are God's." Ordinarily, the well-instructed Catholic is even scrupulous in fulfilling his duties to the civil authority, because he knows that this is God's will. But when the state goes beyond its proper limits, then, with the Apostles, the Catholic must obey God, and disobey the state which misrepresents and tries to thwart God's will. We have no divided loyalty, one to God, the other to the state, but only one loyalty, based on God's will that we give to Him what is His, and to Caesar what is Caesar's.

There is small danger that the modern state will not receive its dues. If men do not pay them, the state has its punishments at hand, and will inflict them. What should worry us is whether we are paying our dues to God, and whether the modern secularized state in which we live is not stealing, because of our sluggishness, what belongs to God alone.

There are laws and rulings on the Federal and State books which interfere with the work of the Church, and others which actually hinder it. If we can, by using our rights as American citizens, change these laws, we are bound to make the attempt. But that attempt is likely to be successful in proportion to our loyalty in paying tribute to God. Is our life prayerful? Is it sanctified by the Sacraments? Are we faithful to the duties of our state in life?

LITERATURE AND ARTS

WHAT ABOUT DRYDEN?

ROBERT DAVID O'BRIEN

IF you believe that poets are ineffectual angels beating their wings in a void, you will believe John Dryden is ineffectual. If you believe they make straight the paths, interpret the recondite stars in the heavens, make beauty and prayer and passion as palpable as bread and wine, you will find great cause in Dryden.

Criticism at its best is an arbitrary diet. You would not let Mammon pray for you nor Dewey instruct your children in the "four R's"; in particular, religion. You would not let one so unauthoritative as Horace devise your moral code. There is no reason this side of the stars why the critics should think for you. A critical approach to Dryden is often weeds upon bright waters. Nothing is so indigestible as the fodder of half truths. Though the accepted critics of Dryden in this country have much good to scatter on the fields, there is small chance of thrifty crows to separate the barren seed. T. S. Eliot, I believe, is as authoritative as you will find. He suffers from astigmatism, however, rather than myopia.

It is not unfair to reproach Mark Van Doren for a blunder that can be proved to be empirically false. Van Doren writes: "He (Dryden) was born and he died with an Olympian indifference to principles. He never altogether capitulated to any system of politics or morals or esthetics."

Dryden will answer this in his own way:

My thoughtless youth was winged with vain desires
My manhood, long misled by wandering fires,
Followed false lights; and when their glimpse was
gone

My pride struck out new sparkles of her own.
Such was I, such by nature still I am;
Be thine the glory and be mine the shame!

As to capitulation to systems, there is no more candid phrase, even in the rock-splendid *Quadrigesimo Anno* than,

One in herself, not rent by schism, but sound,
Entire, one solid shining diamond,
Not sparkles shattered into sects like you:
One is the Church, and must be to be true.
One central principle of unity,
As undivided, so from errors free;
As one in faith, so one in sanctity.

This is the letter made flesh. When it would have served his purposes to vacillate with policies of kings, this convert clung tenaciously to the Rock and let others sail away on many colored and over-freighted ships to gaudy palaces of deceptive plenty.

For more than anything else, Dryden is sig-

nificant in English literature for what Eliot calls "influence." In this the poet is superior to even Shakespeare and Milton. The expatriate holds the true paradox that he was great inasmuch as his followers were almost as great. There were no minds nor powers to continue as Shakespeares or Miltons. They had their adulators, but the Reformation drama is so far removed from Shakespeare as to be unidentified with him, and the eighteenth-century mimics of Milton and his measure survive only as parodists. Pope and Johnson almost approached Dryden. People today are debtors to Dryden. There are no debtors to Shakespeare for the reason that there is no genius alive to pay that debt or show a right to it.

Dryden was a reformer. He reformed language, devised a natural, conversational style of speech in verse in place of the artificial and decadent tone of the lesser metaphysicals and Elizabethans. The Cavaliers were ripe for the lyre in the drawing room but thoroughly hopeless in a practically poetic medium. Dryden was the first to raise oratory to the dignity of the poetic, as is evident in the *Hind and the Panther* and less so in *Religio Laici*. The language of Shakespeare or Milton is of such metal that no lesser strength could bend it. Dryden formed a language that was possible for mediocrity and excellence.

Eric Gill would have been pleased with the fact that Dryden was a functional poet. That is, he was a poet who reflected the virtues and vices of his age, a mirror that betrayed the Hydra of good and evil. The political changes, the literary fashions, the religious maneuvers, all are reflected in him. It is unfortunate that he is blamed for much that he did not altogether deserve. He was one man who was not allowed to "sow his literary oats." The Church has so few inconsistencies that even the apparent ones visible in Dryden have been the occasion for traditional diffusion.

As a technician, he will be remembered as the man who brought the English classical line to a perfection and supplied Pope with an instrument. Profoundly educated and erudite, he was not, in an ascetical sense, a profound thinker. He often atrophied his imagination by his reasoned approach to verse. However, his versification is the most flexible element in the English tongue. His freedom of pauses, margin of variations in rhythmic design, movement of thought and verse impeccably achieved as a unit, all are the imprints of mastery. Even in this time we are admirers of this perfection of thought and form as a correlation in such a line of Sara Teasdale as:

I will live in your love as the sea-grasses
live in the sea,

or in this stanza of Father Hopkins, who owed not a little to Dryden:

Look at the stars! Look, look up at the skies!
 O look at all the fire-folk sitting in the air!
 The bright boroughs, the circle-citadels there!
 Down in dim woods the diamond delves! the elves'-
 eyes!
 The grey lawns cold where gold, where quickgold
 lies!

From Lucretius he learned the architecture of reasoned verse, to "run swiftly yet carry heavy weights, learned images of darkness and light, eclipse and chaos, ordered atoms and whirling worlds." Addison held that he learned from Sappho that persons in love alternately burn and freeze. But his influence was thoroughly classic. This has come to mean, it seems, a derogatory appellation. Classicism is only Romanticism girdled and corsetted, not allowed to run in the market-place with unsightly gaps and bulges. The classic song is pure song, slender enough to fill both pipe and horn. Most of the Romantics, at least the better ones, would have been classic had they possessed the patience. The lesser Romantics were not classic because they lacked the spirit and fire within. Fire cleans, not burns. Fire and toil and clear vision have shaped the goodly vase of classic song and rubbed it to the beauty of ivory. The Romantics had their wings burned and our contemporary age has been plodding shoeless ever since.

His poetic integrity is more manifest in his well-known odes, *Saint Cecilia* and *Alexander's Feast*. In these is the accumulation of a symphony, the identification of thought with word, thought with sound. Music had an important place in the education of the poet and gentleman of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. It was a custom to celebrate Saint Cecilia's day with poetry set to music, so close were these arts considered. These songs, written ten years apart, the one in 1687, the other in 1697, established a new vogue in imitative harmony. The first stanza is like an overture with all the harmonic sounds in the poet's repertoire. The second stanza begins in the imitation of the harp, the third in imitation of the trumpet and the call to arms, and so on. All his ideas of universal disintegration derived from Lucretius are present. However, his concern was not with the metaphysical implications of a disappearing and disintegrating world, but exclusively with the physical aspect of it.

Those who would hold for the sanctity of Dryden are in as tenuous a position as those who thoroughly deprecate him. He will be unforgotten precisely for the reason that we cannot pick up a poem or play that is entirely without debt to John Dryden. He is the man who molded the English tongue, as I have said, who made it a living thing in the hands of his followers. He has made "the prosaic into the poetic, the small into the great, the trivial into the magnificent."

I see nothing to lead me to believe that there will ever be a cult of Dryden, just as I believe that there will never be a cult that will raise incense to the phraseology of the Apostles' Creed. Dryden is a content, an integration, not an isolated brilliance or a meteor. Dryden is still, and will remain, an influence.

CATHOLIC BOOK WEEK

HAROLD C. GARDINER

BACK in the days of antimacassars and bustles, and even well into this streamlined age, Literary and Reading Societies functioned mistily in an air of effete and futile pretention. Many of them boasted, or blushed at, a membership not unlike the dear and dumpy ladies drawn by Helen Hokinson in the *New Yorker*, who simply adore foregrounding to discuss literature and the arts, or to fawn upon a fatuous author.

But not so nowadays. No, not even among Catholics, who are rumored, we fear too often, to be in some unfathomable way allergic to good books. Now you may be invited to give a book talk to a parish Literary Guild, and rather resignedly sign up for it, expecting (from the fashion of years ago) to address a baker's dozen or so of nice old ladies who will bobble their heads in sage approval of your every word.

But what greets you? You walk into the parish hall and there are 500 people waiting for you— young people, young and middle-aged married ones, all very much alive to books, all with opinions and tastes for which they can and do most articulately give reasons, all eager to get hints and cautions to stimulate still further their wide-awake interest in good reading.

For, despite the spate of picture magazines that shout their monosyllabic names at us from every newsstand, reading is a major American avocation. Hence, the importance, for Catholics, of knowing and picking reading that is worthwhile and good, and with the meat of real substance to it. For no one can keep up with the enormous modern output of books; selection is a necessity—why not, then, select what belongs to us, speaks our language, is in our tradition?

National Catholic Book Week, which is held this year in conjunction with National Book Week, November 2-8, has this as its purpose; it aims at directing "the attention of the Catholic man-in-the-street to his heritage in literature." Diocesan and local committees will arrange for library displays, for newspaper publicity, for talks and lectures, for making use of all modern means of bringing this wealth to *your* attention.

It would be a shame, would it not, to let all the good work just not get across to you, for lack of taking an evening off some day this week, and visiting your parish library, your Catholic bookstore, or perhaps your public library, where Catholic books may be on display? Or is it true what they say about Catholics, that they are the worst people in the world to work together in double harness?

Sometime this week, shake hands (will it be for the first time?) with the good friends, of the household of the Faith, who are waiting for you in Catholic books.

METROPOLIS

If one knew the town shrewdly
one would be frantic;
but as it is
one is beguiled
by madness—the antic
gold and silver script
scrawled on the night,
by all the gigantic
geometry of height,
by the very granite
that brows the noon's light.

If one loved the town truly
one would be stricken
by factories where
dingy light falls
on laughterless walls,
by seeing past theatre and ballroom light
the men who walk the street all night—
beyond the blossomy chandeliers,
a giant two-by-four-mile room
where children starve in the gloom.
But whatever millions suffer seems correct:
the dead are docile, the dying circumspect.

TOM BOGGS

STRONG THINGS LEAN

Strong things lean against warm tenderness:
mountains hug the sky:
great wings, going homeward, frame themselves
in white clouds as they fly.

Tall pines lengthen shadows, soft and long,
over the still, deep lake,
resting their great green beauty in the glass
of blue that cannot break.

And houses, too, lean as all strong things lean
with wisdom they have found:
gables and roofs and windows facing sun,
and roots in the good, cool ground.

JOSEPH JOEL KEPTH

THE THIEF

Clever deceiver, Autumn goes
About the town in tattered clothes
Robbing the unsuspecting trees
Of all the hanging gold he sees.

No one has seen this vagrant thief
Remove the bronze from every leaf,
And only the watching birds complain
As they sing in the late October rain.

Now to the woods I must away
To catch their beauties while I may,
Knowing that Autumn, passing by,
Will leave them stripped against the sky.

ARTHUR MCGRATTY

SOAP

Lucy wears her knees away
Scrubbing people's floors for pay.

While other girls are skipping rope
Lucy melts her strength with soap.

A little of her childhood flows
Everywhere her washrag goes.

Lucy serves her scrubbing-day
But sometimes has a chance to play

And sometimes fills the air with frail
Bubbles from her scrubbing-pail.

HENRY RAGO

THE BITE OF THE FROST

Frost on the leaves is a frangible,
exquisite web; in the air an intangible,
clean whistled breath. Frost on the vine
is a clear, frozen thread sweet, white wine.
But frost on the heart
is cold, cold white.
The throbbing pulse is stilled
beneath its blight.

To the courteous doctor, Luke,
(He was my Mother's own physician)
I applied. I trust him well.
This was his kind and keen decision:

Breast the cold, cold night again, and though
the last thin cavalry of stars are sped,
make for the East . . . the rising sun
shall find your heart pulsing Love's swift red.

SISTER MARY MAURA

LIBRARY SQUARE

Beyond the corridor what surprise
Struck the thoughts from our staring eyes!
The trees that in books had greened and grown
The winter long, now breathing and blown,
Yellow-green in the library square,
The trees had come out to take the air.
The saplings that young Chaucer praised,
The greenwood that Will Shakespeare raised,
Enchanted bowers, enchanting Keats,
Made what green isle, in what gray streets!

They cannot wait there very long,
Arbors verging into song—
Only in books can anything stay
Delicate as an April day—
Yet only a magic night it took
To beckon a forest out of a book.

MARGERY MANSFIELD

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BOOKS

AX, ROPE, TROUSER-SEAT

HIGH CONQUEST: THE STORY OF MOUNTAINEERING.

By James Ramsey Ullman. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$3.75

THE STORY of mountaineering as told by Mr. Ullman—an enthusiastic peak-climber himself, as well as writer and erstwhile producer of plays on Broadway and for the lamented FTP—makes this a book of high interest. The thrilling adventures of those courageous, if apparently foolhardy, men who first dared to battle the demons of lofty heights in their bare and stormy citadels above the clouds are recounted with restraint and a sparse simplicity that gives them the vivid realism of a contemporary "play-by-play" account of a broadcast football game.

Mountaineering as an art and avocation, the climbing of seemingly inaccessible heights for the sheer love of climbing, is scarcely a century old. Now few save the highest and most remote peaks remain unscaled. Some shrewd Hollywood story-scout has probably taken option on the book already, if only for the story of Englishman Whymper's thrilling race with his rival guide to the top of the Matterhorn, with heart-breaking tragedy close on the heels of his success; or for the heroic and comic saga of the sourdoughs who first climbed Mt. McKinley; or for the attack on Nanda Devi. In fact, there may be a whole series of mountain "epics," and if they capture some of the spirit of *High Conquest*, they will immeasurably raise Hollywood's average.

We liked everything about this book. There are many and magnificent photographs of the mountains, portraits of the titans who are the real heroes of all the stories told. The appendices include a glossary, a reading list, and an index; and the end-papers are a handy reference map for the arm-chair adventurer. The chapter, "Ax, Rope, and Trouser-Seat," is a handbook of practical information about mountaineering which is placed toward the end of the book, either to help set converts to the sport well on their way to a real high conquest of their own, or to permit the contented reader to skip it, if he should prefer to confine his mountaineering to his arm-chair and a book.

For ourselves, we found *High Conquest* a somewhat breath-taking experience, and feel as though we had climbed Alps, Rockies, Andes, the Mountains of the Moon; and fought our way almost to the top of Himalayan Nanda Devi, K2, and Everest. Doting mothers should be warned not to give *High Conquest* to little Montmorency and Eugene this Christmas, unless they want their little boys to break their necks practising a traverse along that ledge around the eighteenth story.

R. F. GRADY

FOE OF ROMANTIC EXCESS

IRVING BABBITT. MAN AND TEACHER. Edited by Frederick Manchester and Odell Shepard. G. P. Putnam Sons. \$3

PROFESSOR BABBITT used to begin his class on *Rousseau and the Romantic Movement* with the dictum that "Classicism and Romanticism are names for two permanent aspects of the human spirit." It is a truth that Gilbert's philosophic guardsman put in another way, when he sang about every boy and every gal that's born into this world alive being either a little Liberal or else a little Conservative. And it is a peculiar and fascinating fact of English literary psychology that this cosmic tidal rhythm has a habit, in almost every era, of welding together in close partnership these two discrepant but complementary faces of the shield, which

are different in color and personality-texture, but one in purpose. There were the Renaissance *Gemini*: More and Erasmus; the Chester-Belloc combine, and, in our own land, the humanist champions, Irving Babbitt and Paul Elmer More.

Babbitt was the character, More the man of letters. And strangely enough, on the evidence of this sheaf of tributes by student and colleague alike, it was Babbitt, the arch-enemy of Romanticist excess, who was the Romantic in disposition. He told William Giese once, when the latter took him to task for swimming straight seaward in defiance of currents and undertow, that he pleaded guilty to "one form—though only one, of romanticism, the romanticism of adventure." Romanticism of the intellect he put down rather as unmitigated muz-ziness, and like his great contemporary, Chesterton, who also capitulated before the romanticism of adventure and carried a sword cane into Fleet Street, his life's work was definition calculated to effect, as Frank Mather puts it in one of the better essays among a host of good ones, an "exposure of the unholy alliance between the false optimism of the scientific determinist and the infantile over-confidence of the impulsivist."

He discharged for our America the function Emerson carried out for the ante-bellum United States. But he was a doughtier fighter than Emerson, who used to astonish the elder James with his "unconsciousness of evil," and if, in the end, he seemed more Buddhist than Christian, at least, as he grimly jested, Buddhism was realistic enough to have fourteen hells. Hoffman Nickerson may be close to the truth when he comments that Babbitt's Humanists are "auxiliaries skirmishing usefully on the flanks of the great legion of a returning Christendom."

CHARLES A. BRADY

STILL AWAKE, IF SILENT

FRANCE MY COUNTRY. By Jacques Maritain. Longmans, Green and Co. \$1.25

BEFORE the disaster, there were in France those who loudly proclaimed—from the privileged Right, from the turbulent Left—what marvels could be done with France if they could have their own way, seize the reins of political power, destroy the existing Government and establish a regime where they would be on top.

There were others in France who saw quite as clearly as any oracle of the Right or the Left what a mess the country's politics were in. They judged the regime then as severely as M. Maritain judges it now, but they saw that no miracle of politics could redeem France until and unless the nation's intimate social structure had been Christianized.

"Give us ten years," said one of these "others" to this reviewer, "and France—morally, spiritually—will be ours, and will be Christ's." It is not surprising, therefore, that something clicked in my mind when in this little book, translated from M. Maritain's *A Travers le Désastre*, I happened to read: "I do think really that had the fates given French youth ten years' leeway, it would have succeeded in bringing about an upswing in the country, spiritual and as well as social and political, that would have astonished the world."

The "fates," however, granted no such thing. They imposed a rule of blood and iron and brought on France a deluge of calamity which M. Maritain here analyzes with the restrained language of a philosopher but the passionate intensity of a patriot.

The comments on the disaster of France, which appeared before this book, bear out substantially M. Maritain's verdict as to the double assault on France's security which arose from the extremists of either political flank, their double connivance, the ineptness of party politics and "bankruptcy of parties," the absence of leaders, save for Cardinal Verdier, whom God spared from greater sorrow, and the corresponding bankruptcy—political, moral—of the bourgeoisie.

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definitely, as to the events that led to Vichy. Maritain holds that the Government's flight to exile but complete independence was possible during those incredible days. But with all his skepticism as to the present regime, his mistrust as to the real content of its noble-sounding formulas, a "jumble of good intentions," he will not permit Frenchmen to be swerved from acknowledging that it does represent the only true Government of France. Not loyalty to any theory or party, but loyalty to the people of France themselves, in whom lies the hope of the future, impels him to this position.

In the darkness and night, insists Maritain, the French people are still awake, even if silent. He believes in their inexhaustible moral resources and their essential Christianity. In this country he was foremost in the very darkest hours working to maintain the morale and the courage of his compatriots. I believe time will show his efforts not to have been in vain. JOHN LAFARGE

HITLER CANNOT CONQUER RUSSIA. By Maurice Hindus.

Doubleday, Doran and Co. \$2

THE German attack on the Soviet Union has presented the White Russians with a painful choice. If they support the Soviet regime they must condone, though not forget, the slaughter of millions of their own kind and face the fact that while victory might modify the character of the regime it certainly would entrench it. If they welcome the German Army as a providential instrument for the destruction of the Bolsheviks they expose their beloved Russia to years of foreign domination and domestic turmoil. If they are only former admirers of the regime who have turned against some aspects of it their task is simple. They have only to declare for a purified regime, assume it is possible, and plunge into the difficult work of arousing American sympathy for the gallant Commissars.

Mr. Hindus belongs to the third class and his book is a sample of the latest fashion in propaganda. When the war is over, Stalin will be too busy to bother with the world revolution. He will be more conservative while the great democracies will be more radical and mutually profitable relations will be possible. Mr. Hindus interprets the title of his book to mean that Russia cannot be annexed or occupied permanently, a view most people share. But it is entirely possible that the Germans will destroy the Communist regime and finally be deprived of the fruits of their victory. Once a regime founded on terrorism is defeated it is finished. When the German flood recedes it is likely to leave an impoverished and disillusioned nation that is neither Nazi nor Communist, but simply Russian.

American Catholics will notice some interesting things in this book. The author has been intelligent enough not to deny crimes that are common property, a procedure not followed by all who comment on Russian affairs. He is enthusiastic about the collectivization policy, which he thinks has come to stay, and not disturbed by the mass murders it entailed. In his chapter on Poland he gives a vivid account of the German terror without mentioning its Russian counterpart or the perfidy of Stalin. Finally, in his account of the Soviet attitude to religion, he is candid enough to say that the regime is unlikely to reject atheism.

FLORENCE D. COHALAN

SUSIE STUART, M.D. By Caroline A. Chandler, M.D.
Dodd, Mead and Co. \$2

ANY young college girl who would like to know just what she is up against if she seeks a career in medicine should read this book. It is one of a series of specialty books which Dodd, Mead are issuing for the guidance of young women in their choice of the various professions.

This story, for it is a compendium of the richest information and the shrewdest advice told in the form of a story, is a miracle of wholesomeness. Dr. Caroline A. Chandler is a young woman who has achieved not merely competence but brilliance in her profession. A graduate of Mt. Aloysius Academy, Cresson, Pa., where

she was lovingly guided and brought into the Catholic Faith by the Sisters of Mercy, she later on received a *cum laude* degree in medicine at Yale, a research professorship at Harvard, and is now an instructor in pediatrics at Johns Hopkins.

There is no attempt at edification in this book. Dr. Chandler's own goodness and gaiety are safeguards that rightfully entitle her to escort a young girl through the problems, requirements, pitfalls, and a summary of the few but rich rewards that await a lady doctor.

In what she has been asked to do by her publishers, I do not see how Dr. Chandler could have succeeded better. The mythical Susie of the book blends nicely with the real Caroline hiding in the authorship, and the two make a young "hen medic" (the expression is the author's) whom the world is lucky to have to cure its physical ills, and some of its moral ones too.

LEONARD FEENEY

THE FRENCH LAIC LAWS, 1879-1889. By Evelyn M. Acomb. Columbia University Press. \$3.50

THE Third Republic has come to judgment. From Léon Gambetta's "*Le cléricalisme, voilà l'ennemi*," down to Leon Blum's *Front Populaire*, the spirit of the French Revolution externalized itself in a dogged and often violent attack on the Catholic Church. Jacobin anticlericalism was a strange mixture of fanatical sincerity and low politics. But the final victory of the radical element was due less to their aggressive campaigning or to the merits of their cause than to the disunion and blundering of the defenders of religion. The Third Republic now belongs to history, and it is time for a calm appraisal of the bitter struggle between "two Frances."

The author is a "Protestant who believes that the civil and religious liberty of those of every faith should be preserved." More reassuring, she did her extensive research under the direction of Carlton Hayes. The result of her labors is a fairly objective presentation of the process of secularization. The book is more scholarly than popular. But the battle between the Revolution in the form of modern nationalism and the *ancien régime* with its antiquated and incurable royalism has an intrinsic interest that will carry the reader through a mass of detail. Any intelligent American will readily reach the conclusion that the problems of France are not those of America; that "democracy" can be very illiberal, not to say tyrannical; that the present disintegration of a great nation is largely due to a perverted patriotism; that revolutionary liberalism leads half-blindly but quite logically to the absolute state.

R. CORRIGAN

LIVES AND DOLLARS. By J. D. Ratcliff. Dodd, Mead and Co. \$3

HERE is another interesting contribution to the already voluminous literature which can be classed as the popularization of science. It tells the story of today's research in a breezy, crisp and enthusiastic style of a journalist who began his writing career with the foundation of an engineering education.

Hormones, vitamins and varieties of the filterable virus all come in for more than honorable mention, but credit lines are definitely dated in favor of contemporary workers. Thus in the chapter, "Tropic Killer," on malaria, although the praises of the bark of the cinchona tree are sung through some seven pages, no mention is made of the pioneering work in this field, even though the dictionaries give the name "Jesuit Bark" as an alternate for quinine.

The attack on the problem of the health of Negro communities in the South is revealing and indeed the "cottonfield clinic" is something to which those interested in the social, as well as in the medical, aspect of science would do well to devote considerable careful study.

The physical sciences come in for less particularized treatment, and the position of science in modern civilization is summed up in a lengthy quotation from Dr. Karl Compton.

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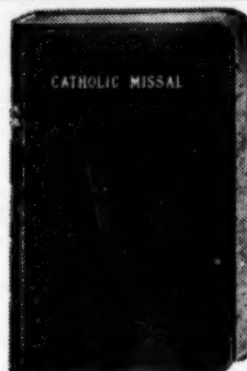
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THEATRE

VIVA O'BRIEN. The week after this is written there will be three new plays on the New York stage—unless, as is very possible, one or two of them should falter on the way there. This faltering by new plays has been a strong characteristic of this theatrical season. We always have many less plays than we are promised in August by enthusiasts among the producers but this year the record is broken.

There is something rather alarming about that at a period when our theatre is actually fighting for its life. When it is in so many ways so supremely well worth continued and prosperous life, strange tricks are being played with it. Plays definitely announced to come into definite theatres on definite dates do not appear. That almost never happened up till two or three years ago. Now, in addition, the names of plays have been changed not only once but in a few instances several times.

The result of all this is to confuse the minds of playgoers, to keep them from saving opening nights for new plays, and to make them uncertain about what plays they have planned to see. In one instance, a pair of leading playwrights gave no title at all to their play till just before its rehearsals began, though innumerable references to the play itself were made in the press. All these things throw the theatre business into a confusion which is deplorable. The strangest thing about it is that it is caused by the very persons who have most to lose by such blindness.

Partly as a result of those blunders, no doubt, this New York season which began so early has proceeded inauspiciously. Even the offerings which reached us have had, in the great majority of instances, a very short life. Our real attractions this autumn are made up of those successes of last year which we are delighted to have still with us. *The Wookey* is, as I write, the only new worthwhile play. Brock Pemberton, however, is offering *Cookoos on the Hearth*, which I have not yet seen.

But read the list of the hold-overs: *Arsenic and Old Lace*, *Claudia*, *Lady in the Dark*, *Life With Father*, *My Sister Eileen*, *The Corn Is Green*, *Watch On the Rhine*, and the Theatre Guild's revival of *Ah, Wilderness*. A beautiful list, that! If our producers are to equal or even approach it this year, they must go about the job without more delay.

There are also the revues and musical comedies. *Best Foot Forward* is pretty well established as a winner. *Pal Joey* is repeating its success of last year. Ethel Merman is again giving us *Panama Hattie*. *Hellzapoppin* is still going strong and *It Happens on Ice*, at the Center Theatre, is better than ever.

Which brings me at last to *Viva O'Brien* and its much advertised tank show. The publicity about the tank feature of this "aquamusical," as it is billed, is justified by the tank's success, which comes as a welcome lift to the rather heavy musical features. It is as good as it is said to be. There are diving and swimming and there is a lot of action. The tank work is altogether fine, and the girls are attractive.

There is also a story to be told in *Viva O'Brien* and it is rather on the heavy side. It has a nice tropical atmosphere—Yucatan and Miami—but it concerns a search for a wishing stone and various so-called scientists who are making it. One of them is Don Jose O'Brien, half Irish and half Spanish and really, when one comes to think of it, not much of a credit to either fine nation.

But one has not much time to think about this. There is a lot of action for the audience to follow, and there are songs and dances and love affairs which will probably thrill the young. For adult taste—however, let's wait and see how the adults like it. I'm counting on the tank scenes.

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FILMS

DUMBO. The great virtue of fairy tale and fable is not that they are full of wonders but that they are so full of common sense, and those who patronize Walt Disney's flights of fantasy as escapist entertainment would do well to ponder the paradox that this story of a flying elephant contains more essential humanity than a score of trumpery triangle or propagandist pictures. In treatment, it reverts to the *Snow White* tradition, with a simple plot illustrating the less vicious tendencies of the human heart, and ornamented with those cleverly revealing touches of character which are a hallmark of Disney productions. Baby Dumbo begins circus life inauspiciously, since his huge ears embarrass his mother and make him the butt of ridicule. His mother is locked up when she spansks one of his tormentors, and Dumbo's awkwardness brings confusion upon circus trickery. But the discovery, made after an unintentional spree, that his ugly ears are practical wings makes him an overnight sensation. Those who insist on significance may find in Dumbo and his friend, Timothy Mouse, particularly appealing symbols of the triumph of the disinherited, but the wit and wisdom of the tale, the mechanical excellence of the animation, the bright color and tuneful score, all recommend the film to a universal audience. (RKO)

ONE FOOT IN HEAVEN. The only objection to Hollywood's religious films is that they are not religious. This authentic study of the odyssey of a Methodist minister places much emphasis on service and little on spirituality, a fact which may be variously explained, but it has a natural warmth arising from the struggle of a man to do his duty against selfish opposition. Irving Rapper's direction sacrifices pace for dignity in unfolding the career of a young man who gives up medicine for the ministry. His plans for a church which will include a recreation center, suggestive of Charles Kingsley's muscular Christianity, are blocked by back-biting members of his mid-Western congregation, but his refutation of a disgraceful charge against his son results in the building program. Fredric March is sincerely effective as the clergyman, and Martha Scott's portrait of wifely devotion is splendid. Gene Lockhart and Beulah Bondi head a good supporting cast. A propagandist overtone in a prayer of thanksgiving at the Armistice illustrates the current technic of dragging the present crisis into otherwise harmless films for a moment's spotlighting. This is serious entertainment for general audiences. (Warner)

NEW YORK TOWN. This is a legend of life in Manhattan which has not the slightest claim to credibility but has enough originality to justify an aging plot. The younger partner in a picture business attempts to solve the difficulties of an unsuccessful saleslady by marrying her to a rich man. Of course, romance reasserts itself and he marries the girl himself. Charles Vidor has managed the trifle with a deft hand, and some of the comic situations are developed with a sparkle which the whole film cannot sustain. Fred MacMurray, Mary Martin, Akim Tamiroff, Robert Preston and Lynn Overman are capable in an amusing adult film. (Paramount)

NEVER GIVE A SUCKER AN EVEN BREAK. The title of this farce is as long as the patience of audiences will be short, unless they are such devotees of the W. C. Fields brand of humor that they will forgive a film which appears to have been made *impromptu*. The star, posing as the pretentious uncle of Gloria Jean, writes a script which is a burlesqued tale of chivalry. Leon Errol is also involved, and Edward Cline's direction adds to an impression of unrestrained nonsense. This is family fare. (Universal)

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I HAD hoped that my trip to the Liturgical Week in St. Paul would be productive of fresh material for this column. I was not disappointed in this, although my expectation of finding such material, in art exhibitions, was not realized. Those in Minneapolis, St. Paul and Chicago that were available for inspection, consisted of works I had already written about in this column, such as the Milles sculpture show at the Chicago Art Institute, or of work that lacked enough distinction to stimulate comment. I am happy to say, however, that I found much to occupy my attention in places other than art galleries.

While the plastic arts and architecture, were the subject of only one paper and discussion period during the liturgical conference, the entire session stimulated thinking on these arts. Contrary to what might be expected, this thinking did not cease with the consideration of the specific relationship of art to the liturgy. The purpose of the conferences, it is to be noted, was inclusive rather than exclusive. This characteristic was continually emphasized in the splendid papers contributed to the program and a condition was envisioned wherein the entirety of life was pervaded by religion, with the liturgy as a conductor of the generative force. If we ever have the good fortune to see such a condition about us, it must result in an art which, even in its non-religious aspect, will be permeated with the living spirit of our Faith.

The subject of the one paper, which was referred to in the previous paragraph, was *Art in the Living Parish*, by Rev. Joseph Lonergan of Clairton, Pennsylvania. It was a remarkably concise and clear exposition of the functional approach to church architecture and decoration.

As Father Lonergan designed his own church, he therefore dispensed with the services usually rendered by an architect. The comment on this fact had to do with the bad effect of such a practice on architecture. As this critical idea came from a priest, we know that it was not inspired by anything like professional jealousy, which might have been suspected if it were an architect who voiced it. It seems to me there is an intrinsic error involved in such a question, however, because it identifies architects with architecture, as if the employment of one necessarily meant the creation of the other. This, of course, is far from being a fact. In contrast, we find that the most profound examples of architecture are being produced, not by architects, who follow an esthetic tradition, but by engineers who subscribe to a purely functional concept.

While in St. Paul, I saw the Carl Milles Indian Monument, in the City Hall. It demonstrates the magnificent technical resources of this sculptor. Unfortunately, however, its character shows no relationship to the type and environment of our American Indians, and the whole conception, curiously enough, is East Indian in character.

St. John's Abbey, which I visited after the Liturgical Week, offered balm to my spirit and while I forgot art for a time, in walking through the great stretches of woodland and around the lakes, I found I could not completely avoid it. Through the kindness of my friends among the monks, I was shown the decorations in the refectory which were executed by Brother Clement, O.S.B. who came here from Germany, where he had been a pupil of Brother Desiderius, who founded the Beuronese School. These paintings, as well as those in the apse of the monastery chapel, also by Brother Clement, are particularly pure in quality and of fine design.

Other wall paintings by this talented artist are to be seen in St. Anselm's Church, The Bronx, and in St. Scholastica's Convent, Evanston, and I wish to recommend them to my readers.

BARRY BYRNE

CORRESPONDENCE

SHEEN ARTICLE

EDITOR: Congratulations are due you for the very fine article by Monsignor Sheen, who probably could produce nothing less than fine.

Congratulations are also due you for the circumstances of its publication, and for revealing them to your readers.

"That's the stuff to feed the troops!"

Kalispell, Mont.

HAROLD F. SMITH

EDITOR: Allow me to express a few words of commendation for the adroit manner in which Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen wielded his pen in laying bare the hypocrisy and callous opportunism of America's home-grown brand of Communists.

His exposure of them was a gem of effective satire.
New York, N. Y.

MANDEL HERBSTMAN

EDITOR: Monsignor Fulton Sheen has always been a pleasure to read and one hesitates, indeed, to question the judgment of so keen a student of Communism and Russia. In his article, *Soviet Russia May Be Helped But Russia Must Be Reformed* (AMERICA, October 18), he writes:

Communism is not natural to Russia; it is really an importation of German thinking, for Marx was German, not Russian, and his philosophy was Hegelian and not Orthodox. . . . More important, the cheap nationalistic, mechanistic philosophy of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, with its atheism allegedly based on science, is unnatural to a people who were never atheistic, but whose religious problems centered on the dual principle of good and evil.

But the Russian theologian and philosopher, Nicolas Berdiaev, thinks differently. In his work, *Les Sources et Le Sens du Communisme Russe*, this Russian shows that Russian Communism has its roots in Russia, and its course has been determined by the history of Russia.

Is it not as unkind to say that Marxian reasoning is "German thinking" as it is to call it "Jewish thinking"?

That Christ is crucified today, I agree, but there are more than "two thieves." Let us pray for the conversion of all.

White Plains, N. Y.

CATHERINE KIRWAN

SOUTHWEST MEXICANS

EDITOR: I read the article, *Southwest Spanish-Americans Are Exploited and Enslaved*, by Mr. Robert M. Curda in AMERICA for October 11. It started a trend of thought which I will try to express here.

Yes, the condition of the Mexicans of the Southwest is pitiable; nobody can see it better than those who, like myself, come from Mexico, were born and reared there.

When Texas separated itself from the mother country in 1836, the Republic of Mexico continued to exist as a nation with its laws, religion, society, culture, love of arts and science—all these far beyond the judgment in this country, where old prejudices are an obstacle to a clear insight. These advantages and blessings were lost forever for the people beyond its boundaries.

What became of the better class of people when Texas was severed from the mother land? We suppose they left Texas, and that only the very poor and the peons remained behind. We believe this well grounded in the fact that nowhere do we find here among the Mexicans cultured and learned individuals. From these and from the immigrant workers is Mexico judged, often with contempt and very seldom in fairness and justice.

Through this long period of time, the consolation and hope for these forsaken people has come from the Catholic Church, which has been a tender mother for them, instructing them and caring for their immortal souls, continuing in this way the work of the Franciscan pioneers.

Houston, Tex.

X. Y.

PLEA FOR PREACHING

EDITOR: The letter of E. Kingsley (AMERICA, October 11) brought to the surface what has been seething in my mind especially these past ten years, viz., is the Gospel really being preached either to the poor or to those who are not fortunate enough to be poor?

He advocated small churches and more of them: I should like to advocate more time between the Sunday Masses. With a Mass every hour and the necessity of giving one congregation time to get their cars out of the way so that the next congregation may conveniently park theirs, can a priest offer Mass with devotion, distribute a large number of Holy Communions, read the announcements and frequent official letters, and have time to preach?

I know some pastors zealously provide for the last by having the weekly announcements mimeographed and distributed; but in the nearly twenty years I have been a priest I have met only two who do. E. Kingsley's suggestion would guarantee it for all. Like myself, I am sure he is also under the impression that preaching the Gospel is something of an essential in the Church.

Cleveland, Ohio

DENNIS BURNS, S.J.

RETRIBUTION

EDITOR: The communication from Rev. Joseph H. Wells, S.J., *Hellish Business* (AMERICA, October 11), brought to mind a visit to one of the great cities of the Old World just before the outbreak of the present conflagration. Within a stone's throw of each other, in the heart of the city, were two public shops, with "health clinics" in the rear. In the windows of the shops were various kinds of contraceptive devices and chemicals, and also books and pamphlets displayed. Men, women and young people stopped to look over the wares, and if they felt inclined, to pass inside and purchase these things.

There was no outward sign of the present war at the time of my visit, but something of a shudder passed over me, with the thought: "Some day the hand of the Almighty will strike this city."

Since then, fire and death have fallen from the sky on the very district of which I speak. Maybe this is only a coincidence, and maybe not.

Fairhaven, Mass.

WILLIAM E. KERRISH

STATISTICS

EDITOR: The number of drafted men who claim affiliation with various religious faiths indicates that the public has been too gullible in accepting statistics manufactured by atheistic agencies to serve their own pet purposes.

The Army figures must be accepted as representative of the religious composition of the whole population, unless someone can prove that special factors modify their usefulness as an accurate gauge of the religious state of the country.

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EVENTS

ONE afternoon last week, students were seated in a chemistry classroom at Columbia University, New York, watching an experiment. . . . Suddenly, apparatus containing concentrated sulphuric acid blew up. The fiery acid showered down on those present. . . . There were third-degree burns of faces, hands, bodies. . . . One eye was burned. . . . Altogether, eleven persons were injured, two of them seriously. . . . The story was featured on its front page by one of the nation's leading dailies under the headline: "11 Burned As Acid Spatters Class in Columbia Test." . . . The episode is just one of those things that occur now and then in even the best-regulated institutions. . . . It may never have happened at Columbia before, and quite probably there will be no encore in this generation. . . .

Let us imagine something that may sound fantastic at first glance. . . . Let us imagine that this event is the ordinary, every-day routine, and not the exception, and this not only at Columbia but at all other institutions of learning except the Catholic ones. . . . Let us conceive the situation as one in which students are being burned with acid regularly in chemistry classes, being maimed in physics' labs, being maltreated in diverse manners in other courses. . . . And that it is news when they are not. So much so that a great newspaper would carry these headlines: "Nobody Burned at University Chemistry Classes Yesterday. Authorities Will Investigate, Fix Blame for Absence of Explosions." . . . There are in the secular schools throughout the land, in our supposition, graduation classes containing many boys and girls who have been badly burned, many who have lost a leg or an arm or an eye because of regular classroom attendance. This crippling process does not occur in the Catholic schools. . . . Would it not be an amazing thing if Catholic parents, in spite of this physical maiming of the students, still insisted on sending their children to non-Catholic schools. . . . Imagine this conversation . . .

Pastor: Think of the danger for your boy if you send him to a secular college.

Parent: John has a lot of common sense. He will know enough to dodge the acid.

Pastor: He may duck it once, or twice or three times. But how can he escape all the time? There will be four years of continuous explosions.

Parent: After all, Father, not all the pupils are maimed. The son of a friend of mine had all his limbs left when he graduated and did not seem to be burned. I think it depends on the pupil's power of resistance.

Pastor: But why expose your boy to the risk? Why not send him to a Catholic college where there is no risk?

Parent: He can make business and social contacts at the secular university which are not available at the Catholic school.

Pastor: What good are these contacts if he loses something more precious?

Parent: John has great powers of resistance. I feel sure he will be able to resist the acid and the explosions.

The supposition, outlined above, does seem fantastic at first glance. . . . But it is not so fantastic. . . . Indeed, it is not fantastic at all, for there are student-maiming explosions occurring in the classrooms of the secular schools and colleges, and occurring every day. . . . They are aimed at the student's soul, not his body. . . . Every day, showers of corrosive, soul-searing acid administer third-degree spiritual burns to young hearts. . . . Every day for four years. . . . Every year, throughout the land, graduating classes contain many, very many students whose souls have been horribly disfigured and crippled as a result of classroom attendance. . . . And every year, in spite of this, Catholic parents send their children to these student-maiming institutions.

THE PARADER